

The Sketch

No. 977.—Vol. LXXVI.

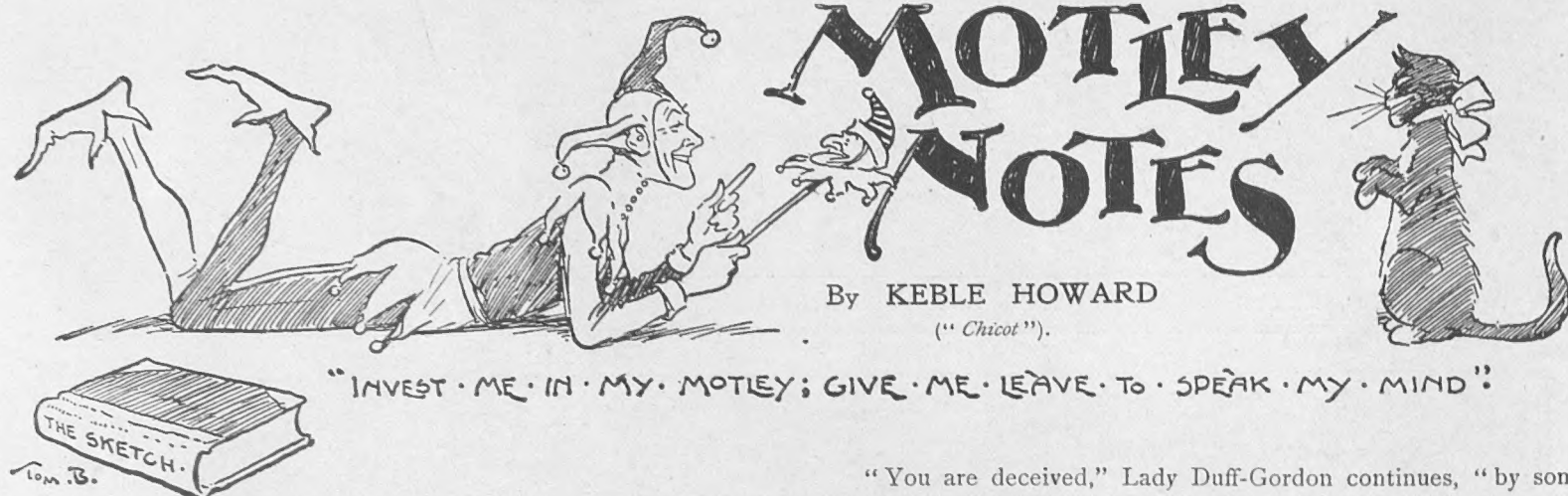
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



BUNNY PULLS THE CURTAIN: MISS JULIA JAMES AS THE RABBIT WHICH WAS MUCH CONCERNED
IN THE GUSHING FORTH OF THE CARLSBAD SPRING.

Miss Julia James, who plays Annamiri in "The Spring Maid," at Whitney's, also appears as the Rabbit in the divertissement in the second scene, which depicts the legend of the discovery of Carlsbad Spring. Grimm's "Folklore of Germany" describes this legend as follows: "The site of Carlsbad and its environs was once a dense forest abounding in all kinds of game. It was a favourite hunting-ground of the nobles. According to tradition, a huntsman, pursuing a rabbit, followed far into the forest, where the rabbit was protected by a bevy of wood-nymphs, who implored him to spare the creature's life. Upon his refusal, the wood-nymphs invoked a violent storm, after which the huntsman found himself lost in the wilderness. When on the verge of exhaustion, the huntsman encountered a water-sprite, who led him to a certain rock which she struck with her wand. A stream of sparkling water gushed forth. The huntsman drank and was refreshed. The water-sprite then led him from the forest in order that he might proclaim to the world the beneficial qualities of the Carlsbad Spring."—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



The Charm of England.

I have been reading in one of my daily papers a most interesting interview with Anne Warner, the well-known American writer. Anne Warner, it seems, has settled down in a Dorset village "because she grew weary of the shallowness of her countrywomen and of the perpetual hustle of American life."

It is the dream of many American people to spend the latter part of their lives in England. Over and over again, when I was in America, a wealthy business man would draw me aside and tell me, in confidence, that he hoped to buy an estate in England when he had made enough money to "do the thing properly."

"How much would it cost per year?" said one such.

"That all depends upon how you want to live."

"Oh, comfortably, you know."

"What do you call comfortably?"

"Well, a nice place, with plenty of ground—say, a couple of thousand acres—and two or three automobiles, and a first-rate chef, and a private secretary, and a good staff of servants, and a little flat in the best part of the West End. What could one do it on?"

"Per annum?"

"Per annum."

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"One hundred thousand dollars. Is that the least?"

"Quite the least."

He sighed. "Guess I'll have to stick to work a few years longer." The poor fellow could not bear the thought of anything less than three automobiles and two thousand acres.

Life in Marnhull. Anne Warner, however, is not so ambitious. "In this peaceful old village," she says, "I can lead an Arcadian life on a modest income. There is no peace or rest for the middle classes in America. Rest can only be enjoyed by the millionaire who can afford to buy a huge estate and build a sound-proof house in the centre of the property after it has been surrounded by high walls."

"Even housekeeping is charming in England. Last year I lived near Salisbury, and bought everything at the blacksmith's; this year here one gets bread at the post office and hires bicycles at the baker's."

Idyllic England! Long may Anne Warner enjoy the fun of getting bread from the post office and hiring bicycles at the baker's! It is just the life I myself like; but it is no novelty to me, and it is a novelty to Anne Warner. She may discover that there is hustle even in England, though it is not so apparent as in America.

No More "Hopeless Love."

There is to be no more "hopeless love" in this world. Lady Duff-Gordon has abolished it, thereby doing the serious novelists and the serious dramatists out of a living.

"If the woman you love goes off with another man, that is your sign. The woman is not for you—was never meant for you. You can at once dismiss all thought of her from your mind, and rest easy." How is this done? New Thought. Lady Duff-Gordon can tell at once whether what she is about to do is right or not. The tip is to wait for a sign. If you fail to recognise the sign, you will go ahead with a blunder. I do not quite gather, however, the way to get on to the sign before the catastrophe takes place.

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"You are deceived," Lady Duff-Gordon continues, "by some jilt of a woman. In the ordinary way, you worry and grieve over the affair. But we who believe in the new faith, we just say to ourselves—well, there has been a mistake, and this is the warning of it. Straightway the matter is ended."

Oh, is it? And suppose the luckless wretch here pictured happens to be married to the jilt? Believing in the new faith will not spare him the horrible and costly procedure of the divorce-court. He cannot say to himself: "I was not really married to her. I can just marry somebody else." Lady Duff-Gordon must be careful. Somebody may take her too seriously.

Which are Which? "There are so many wonderful women in America," adds Lady Duff-Gordon, "friends of mine, who know all about this practical psychology, and use it in their daily life. But the English are so dense. If they would only see what this teaching is doing for America, they might think seriously about it themselves, instead of laughing and scoffing in their ignorance."

Now that is not at all Anne Warner's idea of the Englishwoman. "What I said was," she told a daily paper, "that my Englishwomen friends took such a broad view of life in their daily occupations that their conversation was much more entertaining and intellectual than that of my own race. Englishwomen understand politics, know the career of every living man of note, have a knowledge of music, including the latest opera, and books, and the merits from an artistic standpoint of the paintings of note in the Royal Academy."

All this must be very confusing for the poor Englishwoman, who will scarcely be able to make up her mind whether she is accomplished, literary, artistic, and a brilliant conversationalist, or a silly dolt. Perhaps, however, she will not worry very much about it, but continue on her own steadfast and very lovable course. Somehow or other, I can't quite see her clasp to her breast the book by Mrs. Anderson so warmly recommended by Lady Duff-Gordon. This book urges the reader to say to herself, whenever she finds a quiet moment—

"I am love.

I want love.

I radiate love.

Love is mine.

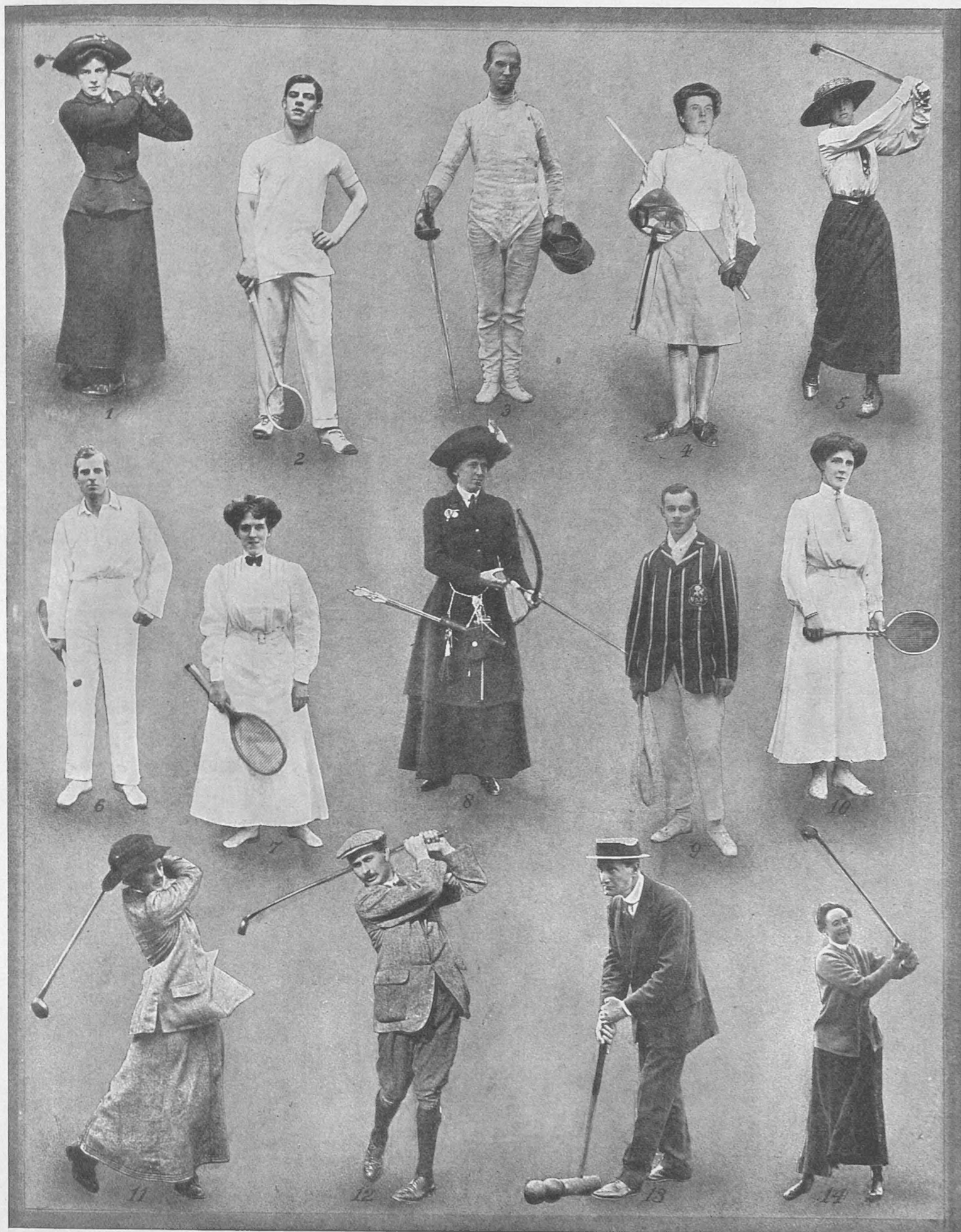
All things love and want me."

If I notice any healthy mothers muttering ecstatically to themselves in the Tube, I shall listen very carefully.

Your Own Obituary.

The death of Miss Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," has given the papers an opportunity of recalling the fact that she twice read her own obituary. There is nothing, though, so very extraordinary about that. Anybody whose name is well known can walk into any well-conducted newspaper-office and read his own obituary. If the obituary is not actually written, all the material is prepared, and it does not need very much imagination to string the facts together and add the necessary and suitable comments. It always seems such a pity to me that the newspapers should reserve the summing-up of a man's life until he is actually dead. I often feel inclined to hurry after the dead man and say: "Cheer up! They slated you all your life, old fellow, but they really thought quite well of you all the time. Read this, and this, and this!"

THE CHAMPION MANNER: RECORDMEN AND RECORDWOMEN.



1. MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, WINNER OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

2. C. WILLIAMS, WINNER RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP.

3. P. J. BLAKE, WINNER OF AMATEUR ASSOCIATION FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP.

4. MISS J. DANIKELL, WINNER OF FENCING CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

5. MISS GRANT SUTTIE, WINNER OF SCOTTISH GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

6. A. F. WILDING, WINNER OF LAWN TENNIS (SINGLES) CHAMPIONSHIP (MEN).

7. MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS, WINNER OF LAWN TENNIS (SINGLES) CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

8. MISS Q. NEWALL (ARCHERY), WINNER OF CHAMPIONESS SILVER BRACE AND BADGE (AT GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING, PRESTON PARK).

9. G. A. SALTTER, WINNER OF BADMINTON (SINGLES) CHAMPIONSHIP (MEN).

10. MISS LARMINIE, WINNER OF BADMINTON (SINGLES) CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

11. MISS M. HARRISON, WINNER OF IRISH GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

12. H. VARDON, WINNER OF OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

13. E. WHITTAKER, WINNER OF CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIP.

14. MISS CLAY, WINNER OF WELSH GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP (LADIES).

We portray for the benefit of our sporting readers some of the champions of the year, those doers of great deeds whom our cousins of the United States are fond of describing as recordmen and recordwomen—evidently an athletic variation of superman and superwoman.—[Photographs by Sport and General]

THE CRINHOBBLE! THE VOLUMINOUS AND THE SKIMPY IN ONE.



CRINOLINED TO THE CALVES; HOBBLE-SKIRTED AS TO THE ANKLES: A DRESS DESIGNED TO SUIT THE DEVOTEES OF TWO FASHIONS.

It will be noted that this newest of new costumes, which (need it be said?) hails from Paris, seeks to please devotees of two fashions—those who favour a revival of the voluminous crinoline and those who prefer to retain the skimpy hobble skirt. For the former there is the crinoline-like affair cut short at the calves; for the latter there is the entravée underskirt. Thus does the dressmaker endeavour to serve two mistresses. In the case of the creation illustrated—and so charmingly worn—the crinoline is of white tulle, with black velvet as ornament; the underskirt is of embroidered white satin.

OWNER OF A HEAD WORTH £100,000! THE SUN RISING.



DR. SUN YAT SEN, ONCE A PRISONER IN THE CHINESE LEGATION IN LONDON; NOW "NAMED"
AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC!

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, "named" as the first President of the Chinese Republic desired by the revolutionaries, and described as the Garibaldi of China, has had a most remarkable career. Whether his position with regard to the present rising is as all-important as is assumed remains to be seen: there are other powerful personalities concerned. His name became widely known in this country towards the end of 1896. In October of that year a fellow-countryman enticed him into the Chinese Legation in London, where he was held prisoner, being "wanted" by the authorities of his native land for his part in a revolutionary movement there. A captive, he bethought himself of Dr. James Cantlie, the well-known Harley Street surgeon, who was one of the professors at Hong Kong under whom Sun Yat Sen sat as a medical student. Scribbling the story of his plight on a newspaper and addressing it to his English friend, he contrived to throw the message out of a window of the room in which he was kept. This message fell into the Doctor's hands, a determined effort was made, and the prisoner was set free after a detention lasting twelve days. Since then the intrepid "Young Chinaman" has had numerous adventures, and it has been said that a price of £100,000 is set on his head. He is reported to be at present in America.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry; Background photograph by Dr. J. D. Thomson.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
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MARION TERRY in her original character.
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FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, Oct. 21, at 2.30.

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THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND, by ALFRED SUTRO. Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

EMPIRE. "**NEW YORK**," New Ballet, **LYDIA KYASHT**,
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-five (from July 12 to Oct. 4, 1911) of **THE SKETCH** can be had, *Gratis*, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

ILIFFE.
Hints and Tips for Motor Cyclists.
Road Rider. 7s. net.
Faults and How to Find Them. J. S. V.
Birkford, B.A. 2s. 6d. net.

GRIFFITHS.
With Napoleon at Waterloo. Edward
Bruce Low. 7s. net.
Till the Day Break. Marjory Tempest.
6s.

HEINEMANN.
The Biography of John Gibson, R.A.
T. Matthews. 10s. 6d. net.

SEELEY, SERVICE.
Mechanical Inventions of To-day. Thomas
W. Corbin. 5s. net.
Fore and Aft. E. Kebble Chatterton. 16s. net.

EVELEIGH NASH.
When a Man's Married. Rowland Morris.
6s.
The Honest Trespass. Constance Cotterell.
6s.
Reminiscences of an Old 'Un. Frank M.
Streathfield. 7s. 6d. net.

STANLEY PAUL.
A Tour Through Old Provence. A. S.
Forrest.
The Love-Locks of Diana. Kate Horn.
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METHUEN.
Under Western Eyes. Joseph Conrad. 6s.

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Troubled Waters. L. Cope Cornford. 6s.
Patches and Pomander. Arthur. Brebner.
6s.

THE BODLEY HEAD.
The Progress of Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore.
Gerard Bendall. 6s.

WARD, LOCK.
More Kindred of the Wild. Charles G. D.
Roberts. 6s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL.
As Flows the River. Mrs. Fred Reynolds.
6s.
The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey. Richard
Davey. 12s. 6d. net.
Banks and the People. Thomas Farrow.
7s. net.

DUCKWORTH.
Wholly Without Morgis. Schway Dinga.
5s.
The Critical Altitude. Ford Madox Hueffer.
5s. net.

ROUTLEDGE.
The Photographic Annual. Edited by
Arthur D. Godbold. 7s. net.

WHITEHEAD.
Newfoundland in 1911. 6s.

GENERAL NOTES.

"*Boy of Fifty.*" Though Lord Henry Grosvenor's engagement comes after a long widowhood (for his first wife died seventeen years ago), he cannot be grouped among the Cadogans, Suffields, and other veteran grooms of the year. Born in 1861, he looks less than the fifty years of which he has a right to show the signs. No one need be elderly at fifty, for even in the days before men and women had learned the art of living, the old saw said—

Strive, strive!—howe'er we strive,
Youth declines at fifty-five.

The grandson of Lord Rosebery (who is considerably older) is also Lord Henry's grandson, for Lady Dalmeny is his daughter.

Royal Pages. Lady Paget has consented to set down a few of her many lively memories of diplomatic life. In her account of her experiences of Florence in the days when Victor Emmanuel held his Court there, a very vivid picture is given of the Re Galantuomo. The story of his rough-and-tumble balls, of the free fight in the supper-rooms, where the knives and forks were said to be chained to the tables, of the kingly host's own geniality and robust humour, is all told in these Paget pages. The manner of his conversation may be guessed from his account of how the Sicilian women, his new subjects, cooked and ate their enemies during the Garibaldian invasion. Let the mild and tasty Turk beware of entering Italy!

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "*The Sketch*" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "*The Sketch*," nor has it ever done so.

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THE CLUBMAN

Long's.

It was only a few weeks ago that I recorded the demise of the old Blue Posts, one of the homes of sound British cookery, and its transformation into a club-house. Now Long's has gone the way of all old-fashioned hotels, and the boards put up on its walls suggest that the old hotel would make suitable club premises, with shops in its ground floor. Long's always called itself a family hotel, but the bucks and the dandies amongst our fathers and grandfathers, and the bloods of the passing

clergymen to its membership, for it is a lay organisation, though it is perfectly in sympathy with the work the churches do.

Black and White in South Africa.

Some of the South African correspondents of our great daily papers have lately been trying to freeze our blood with accounts of the decreasing number of white men in South Africa, and the increasing number of black men; they tell us that South Africa will never be a white man's dominion such as are Canada and Australia and New Zealand. South Africa will become exactly what the climate of its states and the nature of its ground fit it for. It is a waste of material to set white men to do work which is as well and infinitely more cheaply done by natives of the country, and if we are to lament that African farms will still continue to be ploughed and hoed by Kaffirs, and that the rough work of diamond-mining and gold-mining will still be done by native labour, we might just as well lament that the Indian ryot still ploughs his fields, that the Malay in the Straits Settlements plants pine-apples, and that the Chinaman in Hong Kong is still the carpenter and plumber and painter.

The White Wastrels. In the years when I knew South Africa well the white man was always the superintendent of native labour, and at Kimberley the lowest wage paid to a European was one pound a day. There was then, as there is now, all over South Africa a

sprinkling of waste white men not fit to earn their daily bread. Just as, in California and other gold-bearing countries, the good-for-nothings who flocked to Tom Tiddler's Ground hoping to pick up money without working for it have come and then drained away again on their hopeless quest, so the cities of South Africa were filled with the wastrels of the old country, who are now draining off. When South Africa can show an opening for young farmers and good workmen to anything like the same extent that Australia and Canada do, the good men will go out there just as our

GOING !

generation, claimed it as their own. When Bond Street was really a "fashionable lounge," before omnibuses ran through it, and when there was plenty of room for a cabriolet to pull up before any door, Long's vied with Limmer's as the place where the young men about town and the officers of crack regiments enjoyed themselves at all hours of the day. It had a "cup," the composition of which was a secret, but which had wonderful stimulating powers. Men who loved racing used to breakfast at Long's before driving down to race meetings near London; and before the early closing law put out the lights Long's kept much later hours than did any of the clubs. Even after the early closing ukase, the hire of a bedroom and sitting-room at Long's enabled many parties of jovial night-birds to amuse themselves till dawn.

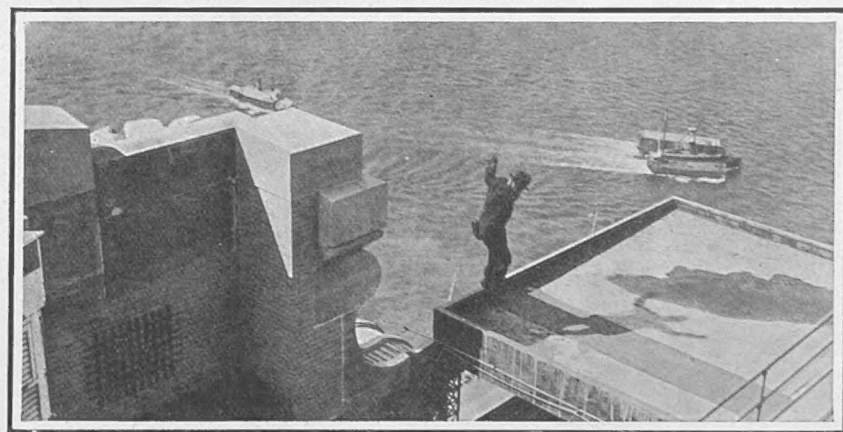
GONE !

A Haunt of Byron. Long's in its palmy days had a sublime disregard for time, and no clock ever dared show its face within its walls. It was at Long's that mad Jack Mytton made some of his wildest wagers, and one of the most extraordinary of his driving feats was performed in a trap he found waiting outside Long's, into which he got and drove away. The owner of the vehicle, who happened to be one of his friends, curiously enough took no offence at this appropriation of his property. Byron was a frequenter of Long's, and dined there more than once in company with Sir Walter Scott. But there were very few hotels near Piccadilly in which Byron did not dine at one time or another. What Samuel Johnson was to Fleet Street as a diner-out, Byron was to the Bond Street region. Limmer's is now the headquarters of a great piano-manufacturer. What will be Long's fate, I wonder?

The Cavendish Club.

The Cavendish Club, which has taken the old house of the Automobile Club at 119, Piccadilly, sounds as though it should be a Bridge Club, but its objects are of a more serious nature. It was founded by the Duke of Devonshire, who gave it his family name. It is a club which, in addition to being a social club for men whose profession or birth gives them a social standing, requires its members to be ready to do good work when they are put in touch with organisations requiring workers. It has very influential names on its committee, and, like the Agenda Club, will, I am sure, do much good in a quiet way. It does not admit

best men go to the great Dominion and the great Commonwealth. The white population will then increase again. But the Kaffir belongs to the land. He is not a vanishing race like the black men of Australia or the Red Indians, and he will always be the hewer of stone and the drawer of water under white superintendence.



ARRIVED !

THE JUMPING JACK! A NERVE-TESTING LEAP BY A STEEPLEJACK "THROUGH THE GREAT CANYONS OF LOWER NEW YORK." OVER-LOOKING THE BATTERY.

The Battery is a park of some twenty acres at the south end of New York City. It is on, or near, the site of an old Dutch fort. In the Battery is the well-known Castle Garden, built in 1805 as a fort and then known as Fort Clinton. Granted to the State in 1822, it became an opera-house (that in which Jenny Lind first sang), and a place for civic receptions; later it was a reception place for immigrants; after that it was turned into an aquarium "run" by the Municipal Government.

Photographs by the Pictorial News Company.



IN the autograph market all the great world jogs elbows. Miss Marie Corelli and the Queen of Roumania are offered for sale in the same "lot," and Kings and Queens are priced in coin of the realm. Edward VII. has taken his place definitely in the catalogues of the great dealers.

A ready letter-writer, his notes were freely scattered among his friends. How these filter through into the market remains somewhat mysterious; but there they are, not infrequently to the astonishment of their original recipients. The "My dear Duchess," for instance, of a note dated from Marlborough House in 1901, could not necessarily explain why her letter is now offered by a Strand bookseller to all-comers at ten guineas—a splendid price, by the way. The late King's congratulations on her success on the Turf were doubtless welcome to her Grace; but the problem of whether it is worth while for her family to buy back such a note at such a figure is a nice one. A

living King may be thankful that

his letters are not yet so freely bought and sold.

A Diarist's Diversions.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, as a diarist, is, of course, mainly concerned with the politics in which he has taken a private but not unimportant part. He writes from behind the scenes, and that is where we all have a weakness to be. The "idle mask" worn by politicians in general is ruthlessly torn off in his newly printed pages, and much amusement ensues. "It is an uncomfortable house to visit, through the absurd pride of its inhabitants." That ducal house is named, and most people will feel they can guess at it without turning to the volume for confirmation. How King Edward would have chuckled over it! Tennis at Crabbet Park, with Elcho

and Mal-

lock and George Wyndham, and Mark Napier and the rest; Mrs. George Batten in "The Faithful Shepherdess"; fox-hunting in Sussex, and Mr. Blunt the first up at the check; a stay at Castle Howard when the present Lord Carlisle was still an undergraduate; and a tribute to Lady Mary Murray (then the young unmarried daughter of the house) which will make every woman who reads it envy her—these are some of the diversions recorded in pages otherwise given over to Home Rule, and Arabi, and Randolph Churchill, and the "G. O. M." who, like Gordon himself, comes to life again on the canvas of this first-rate sketcher of men.

Calling Names.

The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda is back in town, and Prince Ripudaman Singh is again at home at the corner of Kensington Gardens. Let the Briton beware of complaining (as they sometimes do complain even to the Maharajah

himself) of the difficulty of doing full justice to Indian names. The Maharajah Gaekwar has his answer: "I have just been deerstalking," says he, "at Achnashellach." "Ach! Ach!" would be the German retort; but for some reason we proudly pretend we have nothing in common with hard or ugly sounds. And this despite the fact that Lord Seafeld has been staying at Ballacolla House, Abbeylax, that Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest's address for the moment is Plas Machynlleth, that Lady Mary Boscawen is entertaining at Lakeen, Shillelagh, and that at Glamis Castle Lord and Lady Strathmore have a succession of friends, some of whom are never quite sure how to call the place—with one syllable or two.

"Fit as a Bell." Few men are better equipped to serve on the new Industrial Council than Sir Hugh Bell. "Fit as a Bell" is a saying that has a human ring about it in the region of

North-aller-ton; and, although Sir

Hugh is sixty-seven, it was only last year that he performed one of the most energetic feats of his life in contesting Mr. Balfour's impregnable seat in the City of London. Sir Hugh came to town as a stranger, and, emerging from his provincialism, in about a week returned to Yorkshire a well-known man. He is this week the host of Prince Arthur of Connaught at Rounton Grange—and has for hostess a playwright and novelist. The book of Lady Bell's which the Prince must refrain from reading, if he is to keep an impartial mind on the subject, is her Free Trade drama "John Bull's Market"!

Lillah's First Play.

Among Mr. George Bernard Shaw's innumerable stories of "G. B. S." is one that

was much to the point last week, when "Fanny's First Play" celebrated its two hundredth performance. The first time Mr. Shaw saw Miss Lillah McCarthy act, he disapproved, and said so in the *Saturday Review*. "But let her go away into the provinces for ten years," he added, "and she may return to town an actress." "One day there walked into the room where I was at work" (he tells his own story) "a lady of very striking and very beautiful appearance, but quite unknown to me, who said, 'Well, the ten years are up—what are you going to do for me?'" It was the lady he had banished by a stroke of his pen. One longs for the lady's version: did she really serve so long a term?—did Mr. Shaw really make her? There are people who incline to the opinion that she has done something to make "G. B. S." At least fifty of "Fanny's" nights must be put to the credit of her presentment of the piece.

ENGAGED TO MR. CLEMENT WAKEFIELD JONES: MISS ENID GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN.

Miss Griffith-Boscawen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Griffith-Boscawen, of Trevalyn Hall, Denbighshire, and a granddaughter of the late Captain Griffith-Boscawen, of Trevalyn. Mr. Jones, of Friends' Hall, Ness, Cheshire, is the youngest son of the late Canon Jones, of Burneside, Westmorland.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. G. DASHWOOD GRAHAM: MISS HILDA JONES.

Miss Jones is the daughter of the late Mr. Sturges Jones, of The Willows, Chichester. Mr. Graham, of Cossington, Chichester, was Deputy Inspector-General of the Bengal Police.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR BRAITHWAITE AND MISS WINIFRED HILLIER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Hillier is the elder daughter of Dr. Alfred P. Hillier, M.P. for Hitchin, and of Mrs. Hillier, of 20, Eccleston Square, late of Markgate Cell, Herts. Captain Braithwaite is in the 3rd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers.

Photographs by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. C. S. SEN TO-DAY (THE 18TH): MISS MAIDIE SINCLAIR.

In private life, Miss Maidie Sinclair, who will be remembered in "The Arcadians," is Miss May Barnes. Mr. Sen is a cousin of the Maharajah of Cochin. Miss Sinclair's family has been connected with India for years, and her great-grandfather, Sir Robert Barnes, was Commander-in-Chief there for some time. The bride is twenty-two.

Photograph by Bullingham.



GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



II.—THE AM. CHAM.: MR. HAROLD H. HILTON.

Mr. Harold H. Hilton, one ought not to have to remind a single golfer, is not only the British Amateur Champion, but recently won the American Amateur Championship. It is proposed, in recognition of the latter event, that the London Press Golfing Society, of which he is a member, shall entertain him at dinner this month. Mr. Hilton, who was born at West Kirby, Cheshire, in 1869, first won the Amateur Championship in 1900, at Sandwich, and was again successful in the following year at St. Andrews. He has also to his credit, amongst other wins, the Open Championship in 1892 and 1897; the Irish Open Amateur Championship in 1897, 1900, 1901, and 1902; the St. George's Vase in 1893 and 1894; and the Gold Medal of the Royal Liverpool in 1893, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1901, and 1907. He has played for England against Scotland for some years past.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THIS week's recipe for a long life. "Go to bed early, and take care of your arteries," says Sir Thomas Crosby, the in-coming Lord Mayor. But the trouble of this method is that you cannot put your arteries to bed without going there yourself.

Cocoa, the Mayor of Southwark hopes, will for the future help to lower the rates of that borough. That depends, I should imagine, on the rate at which the ratepayers lower the cocoa.

The "Pas des Aviateurs" is a new waltz which begins with a flying movement. And if it is true to local colour it should end with a bump.



A food expert has been complaining to the *Evening News* about the monotony of English meals. "Go into the middle-class homes at dinner-time and you will find on ninety-five per cent. of the tables beef or mutton." There is no need to worry, dear expert. None but millionaires and working men will be able to afford meat if

taxes and prices go on rising as they have done during the last three or four years.

Dr. Brown has proved that Love is a disease, just like influenza or a bad cold, and that it can be cured just as easily. Now we shall know if the microbe of Love is really a little boy with wings and a bow-and-arrow, and whether the Anti-Kissing League is justified in its fears.

THE CURSE OF COMETS.

(Mr. Beljowski, a Russian astronomer, has discovered another new comet, which makes six this year.)



A comet in the Eastern world, both Far and Mid and Near,
Is known as a prophet of disaster,
Of battle, murder, sudden death, and other things as queer,
Foretelling evil fate will be our master.
'Twas obvious that this would be a year beneath a curse
When astronomers informed us that they saw sky
Portents five in number, but the omens now are worse,
For a sixth has been discovered by Beljowski.

First, the trouble in Morocco has a comet of its own,

And the little row in Tripoli a second;
Then the Portuguese invasion by adherents to the throne

As accounting for another must be reckoned.
That leaves three for Merry England, and three comets are a doom

That will play the cat and banjo with the nation
Till the comets and their causes flee through inter-stellar gloom

By some cometary mode of aviation.

Husbands are being recognised as human after all. In the latest commercial palace a club has been set apart into which the docile and patient husband can be dumped while his better half finds the bargains for which he will have to pay. From henceforward husbands will say, "Please take me shopping this afternoon, dearest; I want to go to the club."



Candidates for Woolwich and Sandhurst are warned that no particular style of penmanship is required of them, but only legible handwriting. The fact is, examiners are getting so slack that they will be wanting to have answers type-written next, just to save themselves a little trouble.



The Turks and Italians have been playing "Lights Out" in the Mediterranean. This is a doubtful sort of piece to play, for it has the disadvantage of being dangerous for the audience.

Fulham Borough Council has granted permission to Boy Scouts to practise rifle-shooting at the public baths. This should ginger up the local Channel swimmers to put on pace.



THE MAYOR AND THE MUMMEY.

(William H. Mummey wrote to Judge Gaynor, the Mayor of New York, asking for a wife. The Mayor's reply has been published far and wide.)

Said William H. Mummey to Judge Gaynor, N.Y.,
"I can't find a missus, will you please have a try?"

I'll accept any maiden you may happen to select

If she's got the qualifications I'm entitled to expect."

Said the Jedge to the Mummey of Arkansaw, Kan.,
"Most any girl. I reckon, is too good for a man;
In looking for a partner he's a fool who goes far,
So I guess you're not so fascinating as you fancy you are."

When he'd written this opinion the Jedge, it transpires.
Gave copies to reporters to send over the wires;
And at all women's tea-fights the subject of talk
Is that dandy little peach-blossom, the Mayor of New York.

Dr. Palais, of Vienna, has discovered a new asteroid which he hopes will be useful in finding the sun's distance. Leave the asteroid alone,

Doctor. Everybody here in London knows that the sun is 92.9 millions of miles off, though in August it seemed to be in the backyard.

Some spoil-sport has invented a jewel-case which growls horribly when anyone tries to steal it. How is a girl to have her diamonds stolen at the psychological moment if this sort of thing is permitted?



A sweep and a widow were taken up for fighting, and gave as an excuse that they were arranging a funeral. Which of them was anxious to be buried?

"We have to be very patient with ladies. Usually I have to ask them a question three times before getting a direct answer," said Judge Edge at Clerkenwell County Court. Only three times? The optimist!

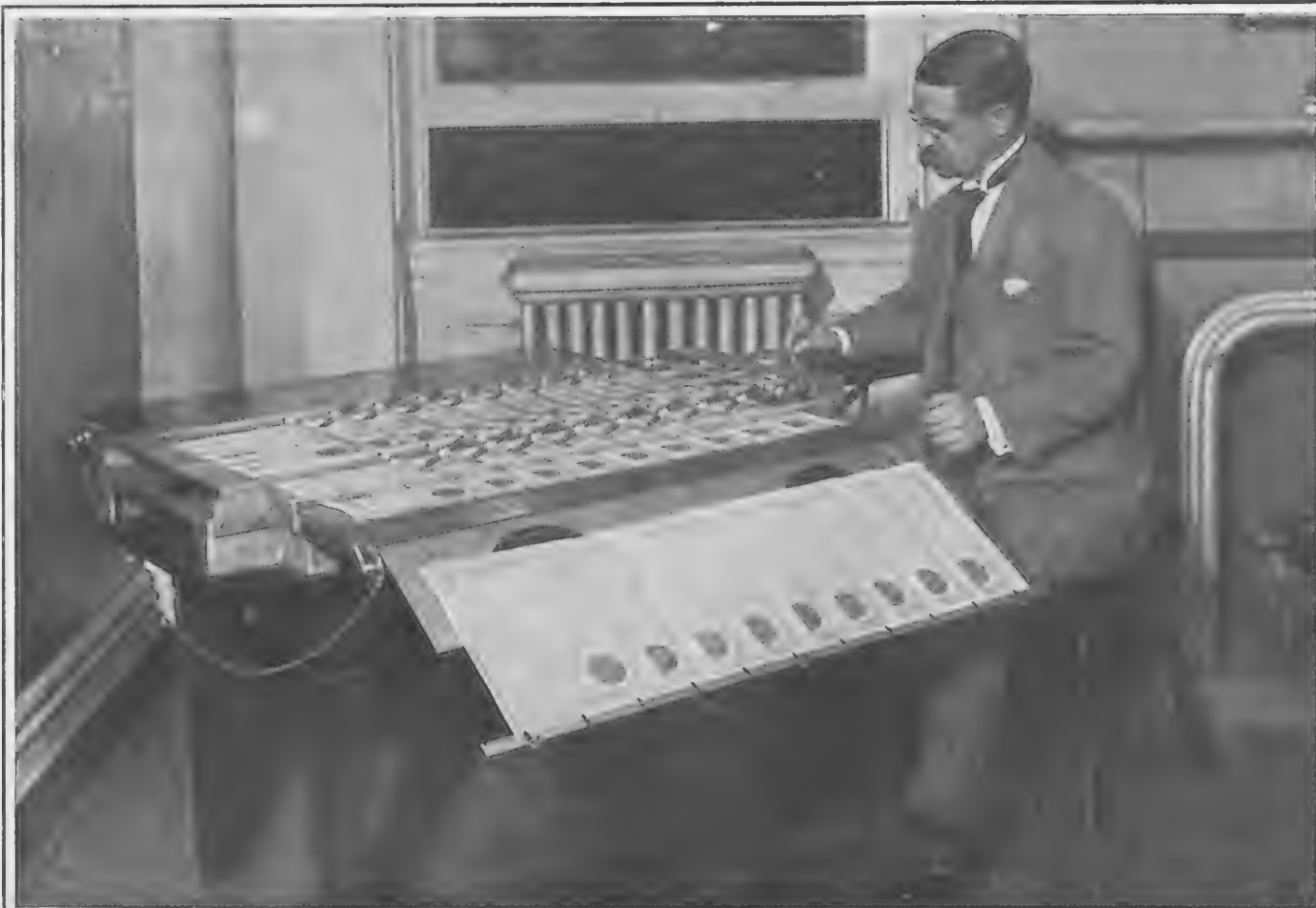
Fashion Note. Coloured dress shoes are being covered with black or white lace, and bows of ribbon and buckles are being superseded by a lace rosette. In fact, lace is taking the place of laces in women's shoes.

OUR WONDERFUL TIME - SAVING WORLD !



THE LAZIEST WAY OF KEEPING FIT: WALKING WHILE IN BED.

Here is the very latest and very laziest method of taking exercise. It may be described as walking while in bed, for the person deciding to keep fit in such a manner places the feet as shown, and then merely has to pull a chain which sets the device working. The machine does the rest, moving the "athlete's" legs exactly as they would move in walking. Electricity provides the motive power.—[Photograph by H. Sanden.]



EIGHTEEN TO ONE AGAINST WRITER'S CRAMP: AN OIL OFFICIAL SIGNING EIGHTEEN CERTIFICATES AT ONCE WITH AS MANY FOUNTAIN PENS.

Threatened with "writer's cramp," from having to sign his name some thousands of times a day, an official in one of the greatest Oil concerns has adopted the method here illustrated. Using one "pen," he thus works eighteen fountain pens, each one of which writes his signature on one of the documents before him.

Photograph by P. J. Press Bureau.



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"New York."

The Empire has been producing a new ballet. There are various ways of looking at New York: this is one of them, and we do not bother to ask how much that Colonel Newnham Davis and Mr. Wilhelm have seen in that distinguished city would be visible to the naked eye if we went there ourselves. Experience of the various pictures of London which

we have seen on the musical comedy and music-hall stage has taught us to understand that managers, designers of costume, and scene-painters observe things in an atmosphere highly charged with colour. That is the privilege of all artists; their atmosphere is also highly charged with other things, such as large quantities of female beauty massed in a way to which the bald realities of our drab existence can supply no parallel. That is, of course, so much the worse for the realities. Wonderful, too, are the things that happen in this gorgeous world of the imagination. Niggers we have seen, but never such niggers as are here to be met on the West River landing-stage. Bowery boys and girls we have heard of, since they were introduced to us in "The Belle of New York"; and it would be pleasant to believe that they are so attractive as they undoubtedly are when they come to brighten up the



IN A "POST-IMPRESSIONIST" PLAYLET: HERR ALWIN NEUSS IN "RIALON," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

It was arranged to produce the wordless playlet "Rialon" at the Coliseum on Monday last. This is described as "a striking example of the Post-Impressionist style in art applied to the stage."

neighbourhood of Leicester Square; and as for roof gardens—well, after observing this particular roof-garden we feel that America must have changed very much since the days of Mark Tapley, who, it will be remembered, did not think very much of the place.

Some Details of the Ballet.

In fact, this "New York" is quite an excellent ballet. Wilhelm has done his duty nobly in the designing of the costumes and the colour-schemes; and quite apart from the general effect produced, there are several individual performances which will prove highly popular. Probably the chief of these is the "Yankee Tangle" dance by Mr. Fred Farren and Miss Ida Crispi—a remarkable example of the growing passion for inventing new, weird, and acrobatic methods of getting the body into strange and unaccountable positions; and in her more conventional but distinctly more beautiful way Mlle. Lydia Kyasht is as delightful as ever. Her two dances make one regret that she has not more. Mr. Lewis Douglas, too, comes to the front as a clever dancer of the eccentric kind, and the Dutch duet of Miss Phyllis Bedells and Miss Carlotta Mossetti in the first scene is a thing to be remembered with pleasure.

"Fanny's First Play."

That "Fanny's First Play" should have been celebrating a long run is a very comforting sign. A short time ago Mr. Shaw would never have been suspected of the power to last out through a summer of record heat. But from the first it was obvious that so delightfully witty a comedy ought to succeed, and succeed tremendously, and the public are to be congratulated on having done their duty. There were doubts about the prologue, where the critics arrive and prepare for the coming play; and the epilogue, where the critics discuss its authorship. It was not quite certain that anybody outside of the small circle of those who treat dramatic criticisms as

something other than mere items of news would see the point, or appreciate what the author was driving at when one critic wore the uniform of a French Academy, or another was declared to be without a sense of humour; but on the whole these passages of esoteric playfulness seem to go almost as well as the comedy itself to which they form the setting. If Mr. Shaw had followed Sheridan and kept the critics on the stage the whole time, providing a running commentary, one would not have blamed him. But, original in this as in all things, he performed the startling feat of writing a play which had nothing to do with them, and with which they had nothing to do. It might quite easily stand by itself. We should be sorry to miss Fanny and her father, and Mr. Trotter and Mr. Flawner Bannel, and the rest of the interesting group; but none the less fascinating would be the play that Fanny wrote, and by which she showed herself so careful a student of Mr. Shaw and all his works. Of course, the Frenchman, with his power of attributing to England all those qualities which England is reputed never to have had, the butler who is highly connected and a model of perfect manners, and the sons and daughters in revolt are all familiar Shaw types; but in their new surroundings they have an air of freshness, and as Miss Lillah McCarthy and her brilliant little company have kept them alive so long, there will probably have been formed a large body of people ready to turn eagerly to each revival of the plays in which they first appeared. And for that, it need hardly be said, one cannot be too full of gratitude.

"Bunty."

Another worthy play which has also been celebrating a long run is Mr. Graham Moffat's "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Bunty, as played by Miss Moffat—and

possibly as played by anybody who was really Scottish—was obviously a young lady who could not be left in the obscurity of one matinée performance. Her reappearance was inevitable, and her success has been undoubted; and it is a success of simple, natural, native humour, and real observation of Scottish character—such as is very rare upon our stage, and therefore the more heartily to be welcomed when it arrives. With imitation Scotch we are very familiar, and we have much real Scottish humour played indifferently by English people, hampered by the fact that the Scottish accent is a thing to which you must be born if you are to make a success of it. In "Bunty" there is to be found the rare combination of real Scotch played by real Scots; and though, if you examine critically the plot, it turns out to be conventional in form and inclining rather to farce than to comedy, that is a defect easy to forgive.



IN "RIALON," AT THE COLISEUM: FRÄULEIN SONGA VON EEDEN.

Rialon is "La Marquise des Apaches," a beautiful girl whose marriage to a Marquis provides a story of stirring realism. Photograph by the Residence Studio.

REALLY ENGAGED THIS TIME: MISS LILY ELSIE.



TO BE MARRIED THIS YEAR: MISS LILY ELSIE, THE FAMOUS MUSICAL-COMEDY STAR, OF "MERRY WIDOW" AND OTHER FAME, AND MR. IAN BULLOUGH, THE WEALTHY SCOTTISH LANDOWNER.

Miss Lily Elsie has been engaged by Rumour quite a number of times; now she is engaged in actuality, and it is generally understood that she will be wed before the year is out. The lucky man is Mr. Ian Bullough, a wealthy Scottish landowner, of Meggernie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, who is the son, by a second marriage, of the late Mr. John Bullough, the millionaire textile manufacturer, of Accrington. He was born in 1885, and, for a time, was in the Guards. In March, 1909, he married Miss Maudie Darrell, the popular actress, who died last year after a long illness. Miss Elsie—who, it is to be hoped, will not altogether desert the stage on her marriage—made her first great "hit," of course, as the Merry Widow. Before that she had played many parts. Born in London, eight-and-twenty years ago, she first appeared—in pantomime—when she was eleven. Later, she was in "The Chinese Honeymoon," at the old Strand; in "Lady Madcap," "The Little Michus," "The Little Cherub," and "The New Aladdin."—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield and Mayall and Co.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

KING GEORGE'S latest Newmarket went extremely well. That his Majesty is not personally attracted to the Turf is a detail; this having been decently buried under a sense of duty, his Majesty accepts the inevitable with a very good grace, and nobody who watched him at work at the races last week could have guessed that he was not indulging his own chosen form of recreation. Many were the people with whom he chatted: Newmarket was the place of reunion for numbers of friends who failed to find their King or themselves in the Highlands. But how brief the reunion is to be! One somewhat hesitating individual ventured to wish his Majesty a happy Christmas and New Year. "But," protested King George, "but —"; and then remembered. His Majesty's Christmas is to be passed in India; and, despite the great Eastward exodus, the majority of men and women who were at Newmarket will have no other opportunity of greeting him again till 1912.

Artists-in-Waiting. King George's consent to the publication of his speeches in volume form suggests that he is qualifying, after all, to fall in with Lord Rosebery's estimate. Edward VII. was an older man by several years when he found his similar

the Royal Household as well as of the Navy, a free agent. It is particularly difficult for Princes to grow up; officials-in-waiting and many other obstacles exist for a King's son. The story that even at the time of the Coronation there was someone to prompt him with "Now shake hands" when an Eastern potentate was introduced, will show that a young man of seventeen may, within palace gates, be treated like a boy of ten. But in the mess of the Black Watch it was the officers' pleasure to treat him, not only as a Prince but as a man, and if they were forced to serve him only with tea, the least mature and manly of meals, the fault lay with the hour of his call.

On the Wing. The Earl and Countess of Mar are sampling all the climates. From Scotland they stepped a little south to Lord Joicey's castle in Northumberland, and now are speeding to the true south—to their villa at Monte Carlo. Lord and Lady Aberconway, and Sir Henry Norman with them, are forgetting politics in Switzerland. Newmarket emptied the North; and now the little horses and roses of the Riviera are doing their own magnetic work. Sir Ernest Cassel had friends with him at Moulton Paddocks, and Mr. and Mrs.



TO MARRY THE HON. LETTICE ANNESLEY TO-DAY: CAPTAIN GEOFFREY V. S. BOWLBY. Captain Geoffrey Vaux Salvin Bowlby, of the Royal Horse Guards, is a son of the late Mr. Edward Salvin Bowlby. The wedding is to take place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

utterances in the hands of the formal publishers. To have a book of speeches to your name is, most men say, to feel middle-aged. Very few men under fifty know what it is to handle their spoken works in a bulky volume, and the appearance of the speeches of King George will set off in marked fashion the real youth of the author. Mr. Max Beerbohm never seemed so young to his friends as when, in the lightness of his heart, he called his first book "The Works of Max Beerbohm." One happy precedent was set when the late King's speeches were published—a frontispiece was etched by Mr. Strang, A.R.A. In King George's book the occasion should not be allowed to pass by.

Prince and Man. The Prince of Wales, being destined for the Army, is not allowing himself to forget the ways of the land, and the other day he left his ship at South Queensferry, and motor-ing to Edinburgh, was received at the mess of the Black Watch. We say he does not allow *himself* to forget the ways of the land, because the time has at last come for him to emerge from boyhood and to be, within the limits of the elaborate discipline of



TO MARRY CAPTAIN SALVIN BOWLBY TO-DAY (THE 18TH): THE HON. LETTICE ANNESLEY, DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT VALENTIA.

Miss Annesley is the fourth of Viscount Valentia's six daughters, and was born in 1885. She has two brothers.—*Photograph by Val l'Estrange*



TO BE MARRIED TO EARL PERCY TO-DAY (THE 18TH): LADY HELEN GORDON-LENNOX.

The bride is the younger of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's daughters by his second wife. The bridegroom is the Duke of Northumberland's heir. The wedding is to be celebrated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The Duke of Richmond will give away his daughter, and Lord William Percy will be his brother's best man. The King and Queen have given the bride a pearl-and-diamond brooch, with the letters "G. M. R." in diamonds.

Photograph by Lottie Charles.



TO MARRY LADY HELEN GORDON-LENNOX TO-DAY: EARL PERCY.

Earl Percy was born in April 1880, is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, and was an extra A.D.C. to Earl Grey when that diplomat was Governor-General of Canada.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Leopold de Rothschild entertained a largish party at Palace House for the week of racing. Lord and Lady Kensington last week travelled against the stream; they arrived in Scotland just when other people came back to their Kensington High Street—or thereabouts.

Memoirs in Demand. Lord Morley's difficult but exhilarating task of editing Meredith's

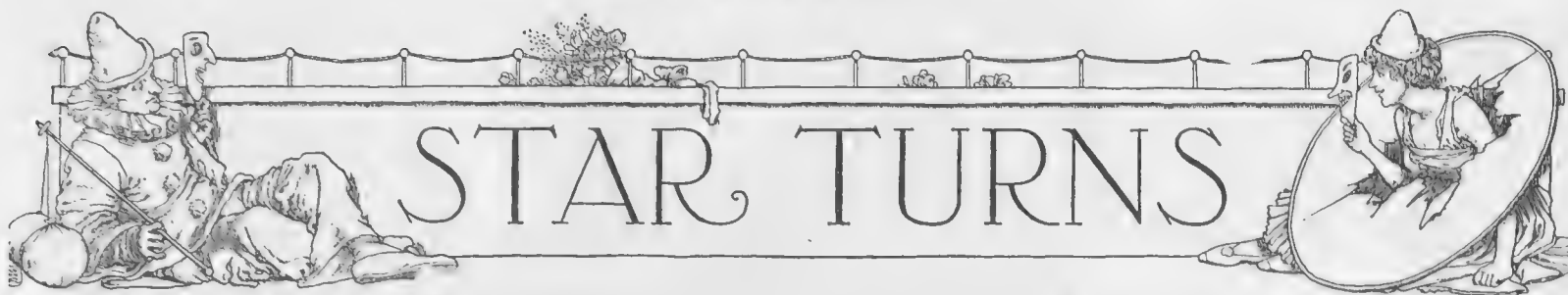
letters nears the end, and he puts down his blue pencil with a certain sense of relief. To keep count of all the interests of living persons mentioned in the letters, and to hurt no feelings either by inclusions or exclusions, is no easy matter. Lord Morley was not quite one of Meredith's closest friends. He did not, for instance, join Admiral Maxse in the familiarity of Christian names; but he knew Meredith well enough to be very conscious of his strong regard for privacy. While Lord Morley puts down his own book with a feeling that it contains no indiscretions, he takes up a book published this week with some feelings of alarm; for there his own name and opinions are freely quoted by a friend. It is just the sort of thing that Lord Morley will have to deny, in any case. That, at least, is what the cynics say.

A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.



III.—BEDDING-OUT THE EVERLASTING SPINACH.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON



FROM "BUSKER" TO "STAR": MR. ARTHUR PRINCE.

IT was an article in *Answers* which led Mr. Arthur Prince to the music-halls. It was his innate ability which made him a Star Turn. The article in question was devoted to the large amount of money earned by entertainers on the beach of the various seaside resorts, so that they could live in luxury all the winter. The alluring picture fascinated Mr. Prince's youthful imagination, and he determined to endeavour to obtain some of this wealth. In spite of opposition, he invested, in illusions and magical paraphernalia of various kinds, more than half of the £250 which represented all the money he had in the world. With a couple of friends and the necessary impedimenta he journeyed to Bournemouth. On a Bank Holiday morning he decided to begin operations. He went down to the beach, selected a good pitch, and got his two friends to help him to put up the square tent which was to form the stage, round which the audience would presently range itself in their thousands! He was just ready to begin, when a local official arrived and asked for his permit. That was the first intimation the young showman had that he needed permission to appear in an al-fresco entertainment. The passage of half-a-sovereign between him and the inspector caused the functionary to wink the other eye at the lack of the permit for that day, and elicited from him the suggestion that an application to the town clerk might get a free permit for Boscombe beach. Next day Mr. Prince secured this, and also learnt that it was necessary to secure the services of a manager. He accordingly advertised in one of the theatrical papers for a manager who could also play the piano and make himself generally useful. He soon got a reply from a man who said he could do everything. In the innocence of his heart Mr. Prince engaged him. When the manager arrived, Mr. Prince found that he did play the piano—by ear; and it took four days for him to practise one of the songs Mr. Prince was going to sing. His accomplishments did not end there, for he could perform on the banjo, and even on the bottles in a similar manner. In Boscombe Mr. Prince was nearly the whole show, singing, conjuring, dancing, reciting, doing character-sketches and knockabout acts in addition to ventriloquising. With his manager he remained in Boscombe for the whole season; or, rather, Mr. Prince remained for the season, for a few days before its termination the manager, who had told his employer that his duties also involved complete control of the finances of the show, disappeared after having drawn out from the local bank all the money which Mr. Prince had to his credit. All that was left to him were sundry bills which were supposed to have been paid.

With a friend he soon managed to obtain an engagement in a travelling company at a salary of £2 10s. a week, which was never paid in full. In this company he figured as ventriloquist, comedian, magician, *raconteur*, actor in sketches (many of which he had to write himself), as well as the worker of the bioscope. Gradually many of the magical paraphernalia were annexed for expenses, and one day

Mr. Prince learnt that the remainder of his possessions would be likely to be seized to satisfy claims against the management, and he was billed as the manager. That night he climbed into the hall at which they had been playing and stole—his own property. Then he determined to get out of the town. He had, however, only eighteenpence in cash, and the fare to the town he wanted to reach was four shillings and sixpence. He therefore left his portmanteau in pawn with the stationmaster.

Then he took to appearing at fairs, working men's clubs, and other places where he thought he could pick up a few shillings. Hard as was the life, it had one great advantage. Through all his vicissitudes, Mr. Prince kept the automaton with which he does his ventriloquistic performance. Working in close contact with the public gave him a great deal of practice in concealing his movements, and made him alert to take advantage of any interruption on the part of his audience. An amusing illustration of this occurred only a short time before his Majesty came to the throne. At a reception given in honour of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Prince was engaged to amuse the company. As he stood talking to "Jim," as he calls the figure with which he works—or rather, as Jim talked to him—Mr. Prince heard someone in the audience say, "Extraordinary—it is perfectly extraordinary!" When Mr. Prince took a drink while the figure went on talking, the words were repeated with a greater emphasis, and, as he smoked the cigar, more emphatically than ever came "Extraordinary—extraordinary!" Quick as a flash, Jim replied in his Cockney voice, "You'd say it was extraordinary if you had a whiff of this cigar, and I'm not kidding you!"

"Do you know to whom you made Jim talk?" Mr. Prince's assistant asked him when the performance was over. "I haven't the slightest idea," said Mr. Prince. "Well, it was the Prince of Wales," said the assistant.

Before such engagements were obtained, however, Mr. Prince had to undergo great hardships, and he even knew what starving meant. Eventually, he managed to obtain a position with a company, and then two people who were taking out a pierrot show asked him to join them as part-proprietor. The first year they did

fairly well; the second year they did still better. The third year the show was a huge success, and they made a lot of money, so that Mr. Prince at last realised the truth of the article which had decided his fate. His individual success as a ventriloquist had, in the meantime, become known in professional circles, and Mr. Frank Glenister, the manager of the London Pavilion, went down to Llandrindod Wells, where he was performing with his troupe. He was struck with the

entertainment, and offered Mr. Prince an engagement, but they could not come to terms. Eventually, however, Mr. Glenister invited Mr. Prince to do a single-handed turn at a *matinée* the following Saturday afternoon. Mr. Prince accepted, came to London, performed, and made a huge success.



SUBSTITUTE FOR SENTA: MISS PHYLLIS BARKER, THE PRETTY ACTRESS WHO RECENTLY PLAYED MISS ENID LESLIE'S PART IN "THE GREAT NAME," WITH NOTEWORTHY SUCCESS.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THE FURIOUS DANCE WHICH IS A FEATURE OF THE NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE: MR. FRED FARREN AND MISS IDA CRISPI IN THE YANKEE TANGLE, IN "NEW YORK."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

STOUT — AND BITTER !



THE ONLOOKER : 'Ad a bite yet ?

THE FISHERMAN : No, I can't get up no appetite no 'ow, these days.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

BY A CUBIST: THE NEW—AND, SURELY, INDIGESTIBLE, ART!

A PICTURE OF "PARALLELOGRAMS OF COLOUR, TRIANGLES, SQUARES, AND CUBES."



CUBISM IN BEING: "EVERY OBJECT REDUCED TO GEOMETRY"—A CANVAS BY AUGUSTE HERBIN.

For the first time, the works of "Cubists" occupy a whole room and part of another room at the Autumn Salon, and Paris is freer to rejoice or to scoff at the followers of the school than it has ever been before. Our illustrations explain themselves to great degree, but we may also quote the following from the "Evening Standard": "The artistic innovation sprung upon the world is the canvases of the Cubists. Pictures cease to be pictures to become parallelograms of colour, triangles, squares, and cubes. Every

Photograph by the Clovis Sagot Gallery.

(Continued opposite.)

AFTER THE POST-IMPS., THE CUBISTS—AFTER THE CUBISTS?

PICTURES WHICH ARE "PARALLELOGRAMS OF COLOUR, TRIANGLES, SQUARES, AND CUBES."



1. A STILL-LIFE STUDY, BY PABLO PICASSO.

2. THE LADY WITH THE FAN, BY PABLO PICASSO.

3. A FAMILY PARTY, BY AUGUSTE HERBIN.

Continued

object is reduced to geometry. . . . the latest revelation is to paint in squares. It is the puzzle craze in paint, and, assuredly, the 'bon bourgeois' in his Sunday clothes is much puzzled . . . The one great standing advantage of painting cubes is that they may represent anything. Unless you are a friend of the painter's, how are you to know whether he intends his work to represent the Bombardment of Tripoli by the Italians, the Death of M. Bertheaux by aeroplane, or, simply, Parisians taking tea at the Pré Catelan? No one can know everything."—[Photographs by the Clovis Sagot Gallery.]



POST-OFFICE STORIES.*

"SIR," wrote the Indian to the Post-Office authority, "being educated in the Calcutta, and by your favour passed B.A. examination, I now venture to approach the throne of your honour's goodness in hopes that some of the crumbs which falls from the rich man's table may be available for me. Sir, I am expert in many things, and desire only to be tried to show my agility in mathematics and other languages, being hopeful to stand on my own bottom without help for any if I once am made glad with the object of my desire. In the Bible of your honour it is said that man's life is but a span, which is equal to five inches, also, it is stated, few men live at so great an age as four scores, and as my talents are now in their blooming prime they may not be rusted in obscurity by delay on the matter. Your Honour will therefore kindly appoint me without further notice. As to the post which I am to occupy, that is left to your Honour's discretion, who, being an allwise man, will no doubt judge it properly." There is



"FIRST APPEARANCE OF MR. SAMUEL WELLER."

more than a touch of the humorous side of the duties of those whose business it is to link with letter and telegram the ends of the earth, and a decided suggestion of the romantic. The man who knows the Post Office only as a most efficient Government department does not know it. Fortunately, there are such works as that of Mr. Edward Bennett to enlighten and to entertain him. That he may be persuaded to read, let us dangle temptation before him in the form of a few quotations, brief, but typical of the lighter side of the book as a whole.

As a pendant to the letter already given, we present another from a Gold Coast postman to his postmaster: "Dear Master,—I have the pleasure to regret to inform you that when I go

b a t h this morning a billow he remove my trouser. Dear master, how can I go on duty with only one trouser? If he get loss where am I? Kindly write Accra that they send me one more trouser, and so I catch him and go duty. Good-day, Sir. My God, how are you? Your loving corporal."

Equally amusing at times are the errors brought about by the incorrect transcribing of telegrams. Witness, a single case. "In Cornwall, there is a parish named Helland. The vicar was going to town, and hoped that his archdeacon could be induced to take the duty. The negotiations were entrusted to a brother clergyman, and all went

well. The latter despatched this telegram: 'The Archdeacon of Cornwall is going to Helland. You need not return.' The vicar

received with astonishment this message: 'The Archdeacon of Cornwall is going to Hell, and you need not return.'"

Even the payment of Old Age Pensions can provide a laugh. "A postmistress received this letter from the relative of a pensioner: 'To the Postmaster. Dear Madam, you are requested by order to chastise J—— M—— of B—— for drinking his pension on Saturday, an' also on a few occasions this month has been found drunk, an' if you don't write to him and give him a sharp advice, I shall proceed against you without further notice.'"

Reverting to trousers, there is a story of the days before Parcel Post was established, and when the difference between the book rate of postage and the letter rate was much greater than it is: "A poor woman sent a pair of trousers through the post to her son, and paid only at the book rate. When the parcel was delivered, a heavy charge was demanded and paid. The woman then appealed to the Secretary, and a reply



"DR. SLAMMER'S DEFIANCE OF JINGLE."

was sent explaining the regulations and pointing out that the Book Post was not intended for the transmission through the post of articles of clothing; this she would see if she consulted the Post Office Guide. The woman replied that she had consulted the Guide before despatching the parcel, and had found that anything open at both ends could go by book-post. She therefore asked for the return of the surcharge."

Parcel Post, indeed, is responsible for various curious happenings. "One Christmas parcel consisted of a hare stuffed with packets of tea, raisins, sweets, rashers of bacon, a roll of tobacco, a briar pipe, a small-toothed comb, all wrapped in a red handkerchief. And here is another instance from a provincial Parcel Post Hospital. A flimsy hat-box with the lid secured by tape. From it flows a thick and viscid stream of egg-

yolk and albumen. When opened, it reveals a silk top hat, inside which is packed a damp goose, the spaces between the goose and the lining of the hat being packed with eggs. This parcel had travelled by coach, steamer, and rail, via Holyhead to Leeds!" Another fact brought to light by Post Office routine is that discovered by the clothiers of the Department. "The further North one goes the bigger become the heads of his Majesty's postmen. The heads of the Glasgow postmen are the largest in the kingdom."

To be continued—in Mr. Bennett's book, which, it must be noted, is by no means for the postal official alone; none can read it without the pleasantest interest, the keenest desire not to put it down until the last page has been reached, with regret that there are no more to follow it.



"THE FAT BOY AWAKE ON THIS OCCASION ONLY."



"MRS. BARDELL PAINTS IN MR. PICKWICK'S ARMS."

* "The Post Office and Its Story." By Edward Bennett. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 5s. net.)

STOPPING THE ALARM!



HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT OF BILL SIKES, WHO, HAVING AWAKENED THE BABY, IS COMPELLED TO NURSE IT OR TO ALLOW IT TO ALARM THE HOUSEHOLD.

DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL



MALLINGTON'S FAILURE.

By E. CHRISTIAN.

IN the chill darkness of the night a body of mounted men was moving slowly along the half-seen track. Hands that held the reins were numb with cold, feet that pressed icy stirrup-irons were dead to all feeling save pain; men rocked slowly in their saddles, struggling with the overpowering drowsiness that comes from sheer fatigue. The muffled tread of many hoofs stirred up dense clouds of dust, which, rising thick and impenetrable above the column, veiled the stars from all save the foremost files, and covered man and horse with a coat of fine grey powder.

At the head of the column rode its leader; he was unaware of fatigue and of cold, for he was thinking, and thinking deeply. As he had left the camp the English mail had been put into his hand, and, reading his letters as he rode in the light of the setting sun, he had learned that the woman he loved was free. Free at last, after how many years—seven, eight, ten?

He was happy, happy at last, and as he rode in the starlit, dusty darkness his thoughts took him back across the seas, across the years. He saw again the woman with whom he walked across the heather, with whom he sat amid the bracken while the wind whispered overhead in the tall beeches. He saw again what now seemed to be the inevitable failure of his efforts to repress his growing love, and he heard himself telling her that he loved her. He saw her face uplifted to his as he stood above her, and wondered at the fear and the kindness that shone at once from her eyes. He heard her refusal of his prayer that she would leave a drunken and unfaithful husband, and last of all he heard the extorted confession of her love.

And there it had both ended and begun. They loved each other, but except as a friend she would have nothing to do with him; as a friend she had seen him, as a friend she had written to him, till within the last two months, when her letters had ceased.

And now casually from someone else had come the news that the death of her husband had released her.

Through all these years he had loved her, his love growing fuller with the passing of time. Absent and kept from him by a barrier that she could not cross, she had yet been present in all his thoughts, in all his works; by her standards he had set his own, measuring all things by her measure. In success he was happy, for he felt himself to be nearer to her; when his worse self conquered he was unhappy, for he knew that he had slipped further from her.

There are three stages in life when a man is all-dependent on a woman. The first is when he is a little child, and his mother is to him the whole world. The last is when he is an old, old man, for then he turns with the instinct of a child to the wife with whom he has lived his life. If she be absent, he feels himself to be lost.

The middle stage is when a man loves a woman as he ought to love her, with all his heart and soul and wits, with every cell of his brain and every fibre of his body. Then again, childlike, he turns to her for guidance, instinctively, involuntarily. If through him she is glad, then the sun shines brightly; but the night is very dark when her face is shadowed.

Isabel Lindsay had in this way made a child of Patrick Mallington, and during the long years of his probation he knew that he had come nearer to her standards—not near, but nearer than he had been. Now the time of waiting was finished, and when this war was over—but he dared not think of what would happen then. And if this night's work were crowned with success, would it not be an offering to bring to her? He, the humdrum, everyday soldier, the

man who worked hard but had never had a chance of distinguishing himself, of even proving himself, if he could use well the chance that to-night, of all nights, had at last come to him—would not his success bring her pleasure?

For to him a task had been given, and one hundred men with which to accomplish it. There was a leader of the enemy who was a thorn in the side of the British; his activity was becoming a proverb, the damage that he had done was immense. The force which he led expanded and contracted, yesterday numbering a couple of hundred, to-day counting itself a quarter of that strength, to-morrow, in another district, amounting to two hundred and fifty or three hundred. Andries baffled the Generals as he baffled the Intelligence Officers.

But at last his day of reckoning had come, or so it seemed, for he was definitely ascertained to be in a certain long valley, from which the only exits were at the two extremities. Of these extremities the one was a narrow defile, while the other afforded a wider, easier, flatter route. Andries was, moreover, reported, on admirable authority, to have with him barely fifty men.

The officer commanding a certain little column determined to have at him; his force was a small one—four hundred horse, one hundred foot, and two guns; but it was quite sufficient to do for Andries, who had no foot and guns, and only fifty men mounted on ponies. Colonel Blent meant to put the finishing touch to Andries' career, and to this end he dispatched Mallington with a hundred men and a machine-gun to hold the defile, while with the rest of the column he himself was to sweep up the valley from the broad portal and pin Andries against Mallington and the rocky narrow portal. It was all quite simple, or would be so if Mallington could reach the defile before Andries, whose ears were as long as his arm, got wind of what was intended. It was absolutely certain that Andries had not more than fifty men, and that handful would find themselves between the nut-crackers.

Mallington's little force rode wearily along, stiff, cold, and tired. Only the leader was happy, and he was far away in thought.

Presently the Kaffir guide, who rode behind him, drew up to him and said something; and, coming back to realities with the painful suddenness of one who wakes from a dream, Mallington perceived that they had arrived; and they had arrived in time, for the Kaffir, like a dog nosing for tracks, was examining the ground, and reported that no one had passed.

The men dismounted stiffly; Mallington made his dispositions, then set himself to watch for the dawn.

At last it came—at first the faintest lightening in the East, which slowly deepened and glowed to primrose, and then to saffron. The morning star rose and shone brilliantly in the saffron setting, and Mallington, seeing it, remembered how he had once told Isabel Lindsay that she was like a star. He watched it rise higher, and he saw it fade as the saffron turned to deeper gold and the gold gave place to crimson. The bordering hills stood out in clear-cut black and purple lines against the sky, and a little murmuring stream that ran towards him sparkled redly in the glowing dawn. The star vanished, and Mallington regretted it; it seemed as though Isabel had turned her eyes from him.

He had no more time for idle fancy, for with a clatter and a rattle of hoofs his advance patrol came galloping into him.

"A lot of them coming up the valley, Sir," said the Corporal.

"How many?"

"I could hardly say, Sir. It might be a hundred. It's a lot, anyway."

[Continued overleaf.]

A GRAVE MISTAKE.



THE TOURIST (*after an inspection of the ancient tombs in the village churchyard*): And who are the Mountjoys? Are there any of them about still?

THE HOTEL MAID: No, I don't think so, Sir. There was a big party in ter tea early; but they all left in a motor.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"Oh, rot!" said Mallington, "he has only got fifty with him at most; there can't be a hundred."

The Corporal said nothing, but looked doubtfully up the valley.

"Well, get your horses under cover, anyway; then come back and join your troop."

There was dead silence for a minute or two, only broken by a snap and a click as the man in charge of the machine-gun inserted a belt of cartridges. He put up the sight to five hundred yards, and then squinted along the barrel to judge if he could see well.

The Corporal was not quite right, but neither was Mallington; the enemy numbered considerably more than a hundred. Andries, with his usual unexpectedness, had raised a much larger number than that, and perhaps it was two hundred and fifty men who were trotting down the valley towards Mallington and his hundred.

The machine-gun man squinted again over the sights and along the barrel.

"Wait," said Mallington. . . . "Now!"

Two hours later Mallington was straining his ears to catch above the ceaseless crackle of musketry the deeper roar of the column's guns. The column was due and overdue; why had it not come? Andries was fighting his way closer, and if his men had suffered, so had Mallington's. Ammunition was running short; the machine-gun had jammed, and jammed for good, and the man who had squinted along the barrel was still doing so—albeit with eyes that saw nothing, for he was dead. The fire of the men had lessened in volume, for some were dead and many were wounded; Mallington himself had taken a rifle and was slowly and methodically using it, pausing at intervals to look round him and to listen for Blent's guns.

Time passed; the sun was hot. The wounded were calling for water. Mallington told himself that Blent must be here at any moment now, and then Andries would be safely caught. If only Blent would hurry!

A man crept up to him from the rear, crawling on hands and knees.

"There is a strong body of Boers coming upon us from behind, Sir."

"What?" said Mallington. "Speak louder, man."

The man repeated his words, adding that he had been in charge of the patrol sent, almost as a matter of form, to watch the rear. There might be a couple of hundred, he said, and they were coming fast. Mallington told him to summon the horse-holders and to let the horses rip. Every rifle was essential. He crawled round and explained the new state of affairs to his non-commissioned officers, who licked dry lips and silently cursed Andries. It was they who were in the nut-crackers, not Andries. Where were Blent and the column?

Caught between two fires, Mallington and his men put up a hard fight. But numbers told—numbers and the famine of ammunition and physical exhaustion.

Mallington, an empty pipe between his lips, found time to wonder at and to admire this last proof of Andries' cleverness; if only he himself could hold on, what a triumph it would be for Isabel. She was still the dominant influence in his mind, at the back of every thought. All round him his men were collapsing fast; the bullets fell thickly, whistling viciously and splashing up the dust in little spurts. Enemy in front, enemy behind, and where was Blent? The evening star rose, and Mallington, twice wounded, saw it and thought again of Isabel.

The column arrived, but it came too late to catch Andries. It found instead a battered company of men, amongst whom there was hardly one unwounded.

Colonel Blent found Mallington propped against a rock; despair was in his face.

"I could not hold him, Sir; he had us front and rear. Ammunition gave out, and when he heard you coming he rode right through us."

The Colonel looked at him silently.

"You have done devilish well, Mallington. Andries was too clever for us this time, but you have taken toll of him, I can tell you."

"I have failed," said Mallington. What the words meant only he himself knew. He had not succeeded in holding Andries—he felt that he had failed to grasp the chance that Fate had at last offered him; and how could he, a man who had failed, offer himself to the woman he loved? He had been shown to be second-rate—a man worthy of trial, but unable to pass the test.

The doctor came to examine him, and beneath the agony of his touch Mallington fainted. A man with two body-wounds who has for some days to suffer jolting over the veldt in an ambulance wagon does not recover easily; and when mental pain is superimposed, he is apt not to recover at all. That trek was a nightmare: racking agony of the body, blackest depths of despair, the creaking of the wheels, and the dreadful bumping of the wagon, the shouts of the voorlooper by day and the ear-splitting crack of his whip; at night, the sighs of the tethered and weary oxen, the tiresome flickering of camp-fires, the tender assiduity of a doctor whom he wished to curse—and always, always the thought of Isabel Lindsay. He would shut his eyes and try to imagine that she was there; he would imagine that he was talking to her, and try to see the tenderness of her face; like a child, he would hold one weak hand with

the other, and tell himself that it was Isabel who was holding his hand. Then he would remember that he was a failure, and blackness would engulf him.

If only he could have heard Colonel Blent's nightly and daily inquiry about him he might have been at ease.

"How's Mallington?"

"Not making much progress, Sir; but he seems to hang on."

"D—n it, Smithwood!"—Colonel Blent was a little free in his language—"why the deuce doesn't he get on? He's no worse, is he?"

"No, Sir, I don't think he is any worse. But this daily marching is most frightfully trying for him. The pain is immense. If he were only in a decent hospital, where he could lie still without this infernal jolting, he would have a better chance."

Daily the march went on, and at the rear of the column, a wagon with a great, dingy red cross blazoned on its once white tilt lurched and jolted over the dusty track. To save him pain, Mallington's men petitioned that they might carry him in relays upon a stretcher, thinking that he might thus be spared some of the horrors of the daily progress.

Mallington grew a little weaker. The doctor told Blent of this, adding, "He seems to have no wish to get better, Sir—something on his mind, I think."

That evening Blent stood beside him.

"Hullo, Mallington," he said, "feeling any better to-night?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, Colonel—getting better, thanks."

"That's right," replied Blent. "There are only two more marches, and then we'll be in port. I shall be glad to get in, if it's only for the pleasure of sending in your name in my despatches."

"What for, Colonel?" The answer came in faint, surprised tones. "I failed, you know."

"Failed be d—d, Mallington."

Blent's words were sincere, and they were spoken with a view to heartening the sufferer.

Mallington, when he had gone, tried weakly to reason it out. His mind groped dimly for light, but it found none. He could understand that his men had done well; for twelve hours they had held off a body of the enemy that was four or five times as strong. More Boers had been left on the ground than the original strength of Mallington's detachment. But that was not his doing, but his men's. He himself had failed; he could not bring to Isabel the offering of success.

He was very thirsty, and his voice was so faint that he could not make the drowsy, tired orderly hear his request for water.

The next morning Mallington was very much weaker. Into the ensuing day was crammed a whole martyrdom of mental and physical pain. He thought of how his failure would affect Isabel, of her pain at finding him but a broken reed. She would be sorry for him; she—who loved him—would make allowance for him, would insist that he had been told to do the impossible; but she would see so clearly that he had not come up to her expectations.

Poor Mallington! his dim, twisted reasoning power let him see only the smaller, the much smaller half, of a woman's love and understanding. The column reached camp late in the afternoon, and the doctor went at once to Blent.

"I think he is sinking, Sir. Can't last much longer."

Blent put down a tin cup full of milkless tea.

"Can I see him?" he said shortly.

"Yes, you can see him, Sir; he was delirious this afternoon, but he is clear enough now. He is lying outside; said he wanted to see the stars."

Dusk was falling as Blent made his way across the camp, through the horse-lines, to what was by courtesy called the hospital.

Mallington lay on a stretcher, looking up at the heavens.

He smiled at the Colonel, and signed to him to come close.

"Will you do something for me, Sir?"

"Of course, Mallington."

"You will find the address on a letter in my pocket."

Mallington's voice was very faint, and Blent bent his head to hear the half-whispered words. "Write to her, Mrs. Lindsay, and say I did try hard—tried my best. Ask her to forgive me for failing."

Blent felt dreadfully near to tears.

"Is that all, Mallington?"

"When you get home, Sir, go and see her and explain."

"Explain what?"

"How I failed to catch Andries. I thought if I could catch him it would be a sort of offering to her."

"Mallington, you did not fail. You did not catch him, but you did not fail. Don't talk of failure."

Mallington shook his head.

It was almost dark, and Mallington lay quite still for some minutes; then he spoke again.

"Colonel would you mind raising my head?"

Blent did so very gently.

The evening star rose brilliant above a dark line of hills. Mallington saw it, and the cloud lifted from his mind.

"There she is," he said quite clearly. "Isabel, I know now that you understand, dear."

Then Mallington died.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Exchanges of Championships.

usually wonderful takes place, something rather like it seems to follow soon after. We may hold—

Students of this strange game come to notice that different kinds of happenings seem to come along in cycles. When anything more than takes place, something rather like it seems to follow soon after. We may hold—begging the pardon of the ladies—that Mr. Hilton's victory in the American Amateur Championship was a more brilliant feat than Miss Dorothy Campbell's conquest in the ladies' championship at Portrush; and there is the difference that Miss Campbell is, after all, a British-born player who made her game in her native country. For all that, it was curious, and it was also unprecedented, that while she was the holder of the American Ladies' Championship, she should come over here from the New World, in which she has settled, and win the British Ladies' Championship, and so take the championship cup home with her across the Atlantic. Now in the same season we have the fact that, while Mr. Hilton is the reigning amateur champion of his own land, he goes over to the United States, and there wins the amateur championship of that country and brings their championship cup back with him. During the winter and next summer it will be on view at Hoylake. Such a thing as this has never happened before. A British cup has gone to America and an American cup has come to Britain. And is it straining the suggestion of coincidence to point out that three Irish cups remain in Ireland for a year, as they have never remained there before, one Irish player, the brilliant Mr. L. O. Munn, having won the native, the open amateur, and the South of Ireland championships this season? These are all remarkable happenings.

Oddities in Happenings.

seems to have got well started, being a series of happenings of the fantastic sort rather than the brilliant so far as achievement goes. One after another there have been reports of queer things being done and odd situations that have arisen in the course of golf played on the links. A beginning seemed to be made with the strange case that was sent up to the Rules of Golf Committee at St. Andrews for its adjudication thereon, in which the golfers at Penmaenmawr, in North Wales, were troubled upon the point as to whether

a man who was playing with another in a stroke competition, and marking the latter's card, can be held to have performed the latter duty as thoroughly as he should have done and as was necessary for the purposes of competition, when he was seen at the finish of the round in possession of a handkerchief full of

mushrooms which had been collected in the course of the journey round the links. It was proved in evidence that the caddie had done the collecting, and a decision was given in favour of the card having been well and correctly marked—as was to be expected. But what a case, and what a question! And now some other curiosities come quickly upon us.

There is a report from the West Bradford Club of a most peculiar stroke having been made in the course of a foursome that was played there. There were A and B on the one side, and C and D on the other, and the former twain, with, as we may suppose, the usual apologies and the usual secret satisfaction, laid the others a stymie on the home green, where a stymie is worse than at any other place. The case was improved from the one aspect and aggravated from the other by the circumstance that already A and B were dormy one, and this seemed a perfectly unnegotiable stymie. The A-and-B ball lay on the very lip of the hole. C, however, was ingenious and learned, and he thought of trying the run-through stroke, which he did, and, strangely enough, it succeeded; but, more strangely still, though the C-and-D ball was holed, the A-and-B ball was then in its original position on the lip. Now, how was that remarkable state of things brought about? Just this way: the A-and-B ball was driven by the other hard against the back of the hole, and from there it rebounded to its old place, passing over the other ball in its backward jump. I wonder how many thousands of times the cleverest player in the world would need to try that dodge before accomplishing it!

Intervention of Animals.

Next, the story is being told of what happened to the ball of one golfer, who is described as a distinguished member of the King's staff, when playing on the golf-course at Balmoral. Something went wrong with his shot, and his ball struck a cow, and was not to be found thereafter until the cow happened to give a shake of her head, when the ball dropped from her right ear. But this, after all, was not such a wonderful thing as that which was done by a horse belonging to the Prince's Club, at Mitcham, onetime—"Billy," the horse, snuffing up his nose a ball that was being played with, and really deliberately, as it seemed. And then, as a curious affair of quite another kind, there was the report that Mr. Lloyd George had holed the last hole at Criccieth in one stroke. That was denied before long, but, as a matter of sheer

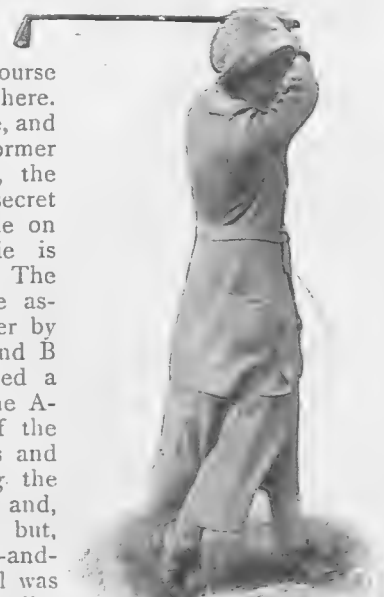
and interesting fact, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has performed the feat, for some three or four years back, when holidaying on the Riviera, he did the seventeenth at Nice in one. I have not heard that Mr. Balfour has ever done this thing, though he has played vastly more golf than Mr. Lloyd George.



TIED WITH MISS LILY MOORE FOR SECOND PLACE AT THE WALTON HEATH LADIES' AUTUMN MEETING: MRS. LIONEL JACKSON.

In addition to tying with Miss Moore, Mrs. Jackson, with 43, tied with Mrs. [unclear] for the best second nine holes. Miss Cecilia Leitch won the scratch prize with a score of 88.

Photograph by Montague Dixon.



TIED WITH MRS. LIONEL JACKSON FOR SECOND PLACE AT THE WALTON HEATH LADIES' AUTUMN MEETING: MISS LILY MOORE.

Miss Moore also won the prize for the best scratch score for the first nine holes, with 46. In tying with Mrs. Jackson for second place, she had a score of 92.

Photograph by Montague Dixon.



FIRE AT A FAMOUS GOLF CLUB: ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE NINE MOTOR-CARS BURNT IN THE GARAGE AT BURHILL, SURREY.

As may be noted, the destruction was complete.—[Photograph by Agent Archer.]

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE SHOPS AND THE THEATRES.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I WISH it were winter—the midst of winter. It is a season which I abhor, but winter is like old age: once you are quite cold and quite old you get reconciled to it. It's the slow approach of either which is so saddening. The trees in our garden are now in the same shameless condition as in the Garden of Eden (when autumn came), casting every leaf to the wind. This shocks me inexpressibly. Those discarded leaves waltz desperately for some time and then fling themselves against the window-panes like birds of ill-omen—brrr! I count greedily the few hours of sunshine left in the day, and, with the worshipping love of an Inca, I follow the sun from room to room throughout the house. Autumn is a slow renunciation, and, to be bearable at all, a renunciation must be sudden and sharp, like the stroke of an axe. Just at present I find only two compensations to that autumnal creepiness and depression—the shops and the theatres. Both are exhibitions for beautiful clothes, but the shops are ever so much more comfortable. Dressmakers' salons are warmed much earlier and better than the theatres, their seats are deeper, and mirrors abound. In the aggregate, mannequins (what an ugly word for such pretty



AN ENGLISH IMPRESSIONIST DANCER:
MISS VIVIAN VANNA.

Miss Vanna, here seen in "The Water-Lily," one of her impressionist dances, is to make her first public appearances on Oct. 20 and 25.

Photograph by Corbett.

clothes-props!) are better-looking than actresses, being chosen solely for their exterior charm, while for actresses a few other qualities are required—a speaking voice that can be heard, and enough memory to remember their part. Also, mannequins walk infinitely better, and hold themselves like young goddesses, while the majority of English actresses stoop as if the weight of their clothes were too much for their shoulders; and yet, as regards the fashionable evening frock, its weight in gold would not pay for the hooks and eyes that are in it. Then at the couturier's you can feast on modes and mannequins without being disturbed in your contemplation by dialogues far too clever to be spoken by so well-dressed personages, and by actions that aspire to be realistic, and halt at one-third of the way. Mannequins don't talk, the pretty dears, and their actions are as rhythmic as the swaying of a plume, as languorously undulating as a scarf in the wind. They revolve on one heel with a languid grace (they are so tired, the poor dears) that no dancer, were she three times Russian, ever did achieve.

The art of dress, from the physique of its mannequins to the chemistry of its stuff (are we not told by scientists there is in silk a large percentage of iron?) this art at least has reached its—no, I shan't say apogee, though you expected me to, and as I can't think of any other word less pompous and swollen, I'll say it like this. The couturier has nothing more up our sleeves. He can and will charm us with infinite changes and *foriture*, but he has learned and taught us all there was to be learned. Dress can't improve beyond perfection, nor shall we allow it to retrograde now that our soul has been freed from crinoline and iron stays. But the stage, *mes amis*—not the play, but the playing—it's the most

unsatisfying of our few permitted pleasures. It's unworthy of the playwright, of the scenery, of the clothes, and chiefly of the actors. For the actors, they have often talent, and sometimes genius, but they have not logic.

Actors are the universal providers of illusion. I want that illusion to be of the very best quality. I want to be fooled, I want to be taken in, I want to forget I am a poor paying spectator (with cold feet and a cramp in the neck) between a porcine, bald gentleman and a gossip old dame whose osprey will disarrange my *postiches* and tickle my left nostril. I want to be peeping through a window at those interesting, elegant people on the stage, whose manners are so perfect and whose antique furniture is so genuine. I want to look at them—I don't want them to look at me. I want to gloat over the crisis of their life, to pry like a bounder into their most intimate affairs; I want to gorge myself with their tears, their blood, and their epigrams; I want to see their back—their elusive, mysterious back. Have actors any, do you think? However beautiful their face, I complain that they turn it too constantly towards my presence, which they are not supposed to suspect. I came to look at them, not for them to look at me (when I say "me," you will understand that I include the porcine gentleman and the gossip dame).

I don't care so very much whether or not the chintzes and carpets should be of the exact pattern of that period; true, it is an important matter, but far less important than that portentous letter the hero has managed to write in just the time it takes me to stick a stamp.

I want to spy on the actor; I don't want him to take me into his confidence. Also, to monologise by the hour, as an actor will, is a sign of a disordered brain; besides, as likely as not, the servants are listening at the key-hole. I want him to try and forget what the other people in the play are going to say to him, so as not to answer them before he could ever hear! I want—oh, I am afraid I am too exacting—I actually want him to be natural! In "Pagliacci," for instance, not all the musical furor and beauty of the opera, nor all the art of the singers could help me pitying those poor Italian peasants who were placed so as not to see what they were supposed to have paid to see. Why didn't they face the Fagliacci and his company, and turn their backs on us? I, for one, would have excused them.



THE SOCIETY "PUCELLE": THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON
AS JOAN OF ARC.

This charming photograph of Lady Lytton shows her in the costume she wore at the great Shakespeare Ball of a while back. She has only just been photographed as La Pucelle.

Photograph by Searlight.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Fresh Motor Legislation.

The President of the Head Chauffeurs' Club is the vehicle of a statement to the effect that fresh motor legislation may be enacted during the coming year. Amongst other things, the new Motor Bill, in an effort to redress the crying absurdities of the ill-considered measure of 1903, is to provide for the automatic lapsing of endorsements on licenses for such trivial and technical offences as the accidental extinction of tail lights, the non-production of a license, and so on.



AIRWOMAN WHO ACTUALLY FLEW FROM SHERIFFS' OFFICERS: Mlle. MATHILDE MOISANT.

Moisant, aeroplaning at Nassau Boulevard, Long Island, on Sunday, was advised that sheriffs' officers were coming to arrest her for attempting Sunday flying. Thereupon, she took a flight immediately. The officers of the law pursued her in motor-cars. She flew to her brother's private aviation field five miles away, and set off again on a motor-car. She was pursued and stopped, but the sheriff had no warrant—and could not get one granted.

Photograph by Topical

the speed-limit is a consummation devoutly to be wished, I fear, hardly to be realised yet awhile.

A Petrol Tax, and Nothing More.

But if this new legislation is really contemplated, we may thereby get some revision of the absurd scale of our present imposts. The clumsy power-distinctions which at present obtain, and are being eradicated more and more every day by improvements in design and elongated strokes, should be swept away and a flat petrol-tax levied in lieu of all the other taxes. Then the man who drove the biggest and most powerful car, and who took most out of the roads would pay proportionately for his fun, while the man of moderate and lesser means would be able to adjust his motoring to his purse. Moreover, larger sums would accrue to the revenue by reason of the decreased cost of collection; for the petrol tax, whatever it might be, would practically collect itself, as it does at present. Also, as Mr. J. S. Matthews, of Argyll Motors, Ltd., points out, the "scorcher" would have another check on him, without the chance of escape which the speed-limit gives him.

Science Necessary to Aviation.

In a lecture opening an aeronautical course at the Regent Street Polytechnic—where, by the way, that prince of chauffeurs 'Enery Straker is supposed to have had his training—the lecturer commented somewhat strongly upon the supposition too generally held that difficult problems connected with aviation could only be solved by actual practice, and that theory cannot in any way assist the new-form of

transport. It is suggested that because aviation has been exploited by practical men, its future rests entirely with them, and that the scientist can be of no avail. If this be so, then aviation as a science will differ altogether from anything that has preceded it. Where would the locomotive, the gas-engine, or the automobile be to-day had they had no aid from the scientist? Is the practical man responsible for the improvement in metals which is at the bottom of so much progress in all branches of engineering? I agree with the Polytechnic lecturer when he says that a theoretical knowledge based on accurate experimental data is indispensable to any aeronautical engineer as distinguished from an aviator. As well say that a bicycle champion knows best how to construct a bicycle.

The Daimlers for 1912.

In the coming season the Daimler Motor Company will have a car to suit every purse and taste. For their 1912 models will comprise the well-known and much-appreciated 15-h.p. four-cylinder and 23-h.p. six-cylinder cars, with engines of 80 mm. ($3\frac{1}{8}$ in.) and 130 mm. ($5\frac{1}{8}$ in.) bore and stroke; a 20-h.p. "four" and 30-h.p. "six," with bore and stroke 90 mm. ($3\frac{3}{8}$ in.) by 130 mm. ($5\frac{1}{8}$ in.). These are entirely new models. Then there is a 25-h.p. "four," with a 101 mm. (4 in.) by 130 mm. ($5\frac{1}{8}$ in.) engine, together with its corresponding six-cylinder 38-h.p. car, and last, but not least, the time-honoured 38-h.p. four, which has now occupied the stage with great éclat for four years. On the 30-h.p. and 38-h.p. provision is now made for driving the electric-light dynamo which forms part of the standard equipment. A modification will be observed in the lubrication arrangements. The pump-troughs and all connections are now part and parcel of the top half of the crank-chamber, the lower half acting simply as the oil-reservoir. The hinging of the troughs and their connection to the throttle-control so that the level of the oil into which the beaks of the connecting-rods drop increases with the engine speed has proved a great success.

The Wrights Experimenting in Secret.

From anything that has been heard of them of late the Wright Brothers, who were at one time the head and front of aviation, might have disappeared into the *Ewigkeit*. But in all probability it is a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, if the cable reports are to be credited. It is said that they have retired to the solitude of the North Carolina desert to experiment with flapping wing machines, and to investigate the art of soaring, which is quite distinct from gliding, in connection with which their names were first bruited to the world. Rumours are afloat as to the construction and exploitation of machines which will dispense with mechanical power; but that interesting journal *Flight* very naturally scoffs at this. One might just as well expect them

to trifle with a perpetual-motion machine. But their experiments may result in a combination of soaring and mechanical propulsion which may throw quite a fresh light on aviation, even if it does not revolutionise it.

(Continued on a later page.)



ONE OF THE MOST ANCIENT OF SPORTS FOLLOWED IN THE MOST MODERN MANNER: HAWKS IN A MOTOR-CAR, WHICH HAS A BODY SPECIALLY ARRANGED FOR CARRYING THEM.

The photograph was taken while hawking with Mr. G. Blaine, at Shrewton, Wilts. The specially arranged car is a 15-20 h.p. Fiat. It is interesting, perhaps, to note, in view of this very up-to-date method, that the use of trained falcons and hawks for the capturing of game is thought to have been known in China for at least four thousand years.

Photograph by Topical.



WARNED NOT TO FLY ON SUNDAY, BUT STILL PLEASED WITH HERSELF: Mlle. MOISANT.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Cambridgeshire. The Cambridgeshire is always a high-class handicap, but I fancy that this year the class of horses engaged is, on the whole, higher than usual. At the top of the handicap we have Bachelor's Double, close on whose heels are Sir Martin, Hornet's Beauty (each with 8 st. 13 lb.), Bronzino (8 st. 10 lb.), and Mushroom (8 st. 9 lb.). These alone would lift any race out of the ordinary; but, in addition, there are The Story, Mustapha, Sunspot, and (lower down) Rochester, Braxted, Bannockburn, Trepida, and Grammont. If ever a horse deserved success in a big handicap that horse is Mustapha. On two occasions he fell up against Christmas Daisy when that horse was at his very best in the Cambridgeshire; he ran second to Bachelor's Double when that horse showed his top form in the City, and Suburban, and second to Trepida in the Duke of York Stakes, when that mare ran about a stone better than the average student of racing thought her capable of running. It would be a very popular win were he to score next week. I don't fancy his chance so well as that of others, and heavy as the task looks on paper, I shall not be surprised to see the most remarkable horse of the year, Hornet's Beauty, succeed. However one looks at the race, it must be confessed that Grammont has a decidedly dangerous appearance, in spite of his running at Kempton.

"The Best." What we refer to as "general statements" are usually sweeping, and therefore unreliable. One such was old Mat Dawson's dictum that the best two-year-old makes the best three-year-old. This is possibly true in many instances; but there are numerous cases where the by no means best two-year-old has gone with a bang to the top in the second season. An illuminating instance is Sunstar, whose breakdown on the threshold of his St. Leger preparation was very unfortunate for Mr. J. B. Joel. As a two-year-old, Sunstar gave no promise of developing into an abnormally good horse. The balance of his form at that age showed him to be inferior to St. Nat, Pietri, and Seaforth. That trio turned out to be very small potatoes, from one cause or another: Seaforth, who has retired, suffers from an affection of the eyes, Pietri is a roarer, and St. Nat has, so far, been unable to reproduce his earlier excellence. Sunstar, on the other hand, won a marvellous trial in the early spring—a trial that, I imagine, Mr. Joel and Morton could hardly believe until Spanish Prince, at Hurst Park, and The Story, at Epsom, demonstrated that they were in good racing trim. After that, knowing the foundations of the trial were sound, they knew they had, in Sunstar, a racehorse



THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH: MR. C. B. HOWARD'S WILLONYX, BY WILLIAM THE THIRD—TRIBONYX.

Photograph by Sport and General.

to whom the much-abused word "great" could justly be applied. Another instance was supplied last year in Swynford. He ran once as a two-year-old, and in the Derby it seemed that Lemberg was immeasurably the better of the pair. Later running, however, proved that Swynford was in front of his erstwhile conqueror. Other noted horses that made abnormal improvement during the first and second and third seasons were Minoru, William the Third, Ard Patrick, and Spearmint. With regard to the first-named, however, his great contemporary went in proof of Mat Dawson's saying, Bayardo undoubtedly being the best three-year-old, as he was the best two-year-old; and it was only bad luck that prevented him from being trained, and from winning the Guineas and Derby.

"S.-P." Jobs. There is much more betting done at starting-price nowadays than formerly; in fact, it is the rule, and not the exception, to find those interested in particular horses backing them through the "offices." The old methods by which what are known as "S.-P." jobs were transacted were to prepare many telegrams and have agents distributed throughout the country (preferably at small post-offices), and at a given time—that is, the minimum time allowed by the bookmaker—the wires would be handed in. Often before the handing-in of the wires on which the backing instructions were written, the agents would place a long message about nothing in particular (a chapter out of a book, or something like that), so that the wire would be engaged for some considerable period, and as the official time of a telegram is the moment it is handed across the counter, it is easy to see how a bookmaker might receive the wires an hour or so after the race had been decided. Occasionally, this style of working a commission is resorted to nowadays—there was, I believe, one that hit the bookies very hard earlier in the season—but generally speaking, the "S.-P." job is now done on the telephone.



THE PHOTOGRAPH WHICH LED TO A PRESENTATION TO THE KING, THE SNAPSHOT OF HIS MAJESTY RIDING HIS BLACK CHARGER RUPERT, WHICH SHOWS THE BRAND "2 G D."

Before leaving Newmarket on Cesarewitch day, the King inspected the horse Brisbane, a fine upstanding bay of about sixteen hands, which has been presented to his Majesty by the Queensland Government. The presentation in question came about in a curious way. On the occasion of the procession through London on May 20, 1910, the day of the funeral of the late King Edward, his Majesty rode his black charger Rupert, which bears on its near shoulder the brand "2 G D." It chanced that the photograph here reproduced was taken and was widely published (it was a page in "The Sketch"). The brand shows distinctly, and an Australian visitor to London immediately recognised the brand as one used by his father, a Queensland farmer. Inquiries served to prove that Rupert was, in fact, an Australian horse. The King, it seems, acquired the animal when in India in 1905-6. It was then the property of a cavalry officer, and was lent to his Majesty, who took a warm liking to it and eventually purchased it. When these matters were brought to light, the Queensland Government decided to ask his Majesty's gracious acceptance of another horse born and bred in the Colony, and the arrival of Brisbane is the result. The statement that Brisbane is to be taken to India is not correct. All the horses which the King will use in India are being trained in that country.—[Photograph by C.N.]

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Gatwick, to-day: Charlwood Handicap, Orpiment; Surrey Plate, Floran; County Nursery, Low Guard; Montefiore Plate, Adam Bede. Newcastle, to-day: Northumberland Handicap, Plume; Astley Nursery, Newminster II.; Jesmond Welter, Prefix II. Sandown, to-morrow: Temple Handicap, Black Pirate; Orleans Nursery, Jessica; Foal Stakes, Dutch Girl. Friday: Touchstone Stakes, Bryony; Coombe Plate, Dorando; Hook Plate, Tagalie. Stockton, Saturday: Autumn Handicap, Lichen. Newmarket, Tuesday: Limekiln Stakes, St. Girons; Criterion Stakes, Lom.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Loathed Nineteenth Century.

There is no doubt that the Nineteenth Century has fallen, in the eyes of the younger generation, into a singular disesteem. To these zealous and youthful reformers, it stands for all that was selfish, individualistic, narrow, prejudiced, and commercial. You have only to

mention the two words to arouse groans of disapproval. In "Fanny's First Play," it is made the subject of frequent gibes, and I feel sure the fair author herself would have had a marked animosity towards it, in spite of her sentimental clothes and kittenish airs. The generation which has put on tail coats and long trains since 18 turned into 1900 (they are many of them Fabians, and therefore addicted to empirical social enterprises) imagine they are going to change the world and its ways by waving a wand or making a few speeches. This younger generation has ceased knocking at the door, it has opened it boldly, gone in, and taken possession of the premises. They are curiously apt to forget that it was the last century which made this one possible; that the invention of machinery has given us the motor-car, the aeroplane, the Dreadnought, the Marconi-gram: that the Feminist Movement, which has now arrived at such a heated crisis, was inaugurated in the 'sixties by John Stuart Mill and a handful of much-abused women; and that we had poets and painters in the land then who are not to be matched now. Prob-

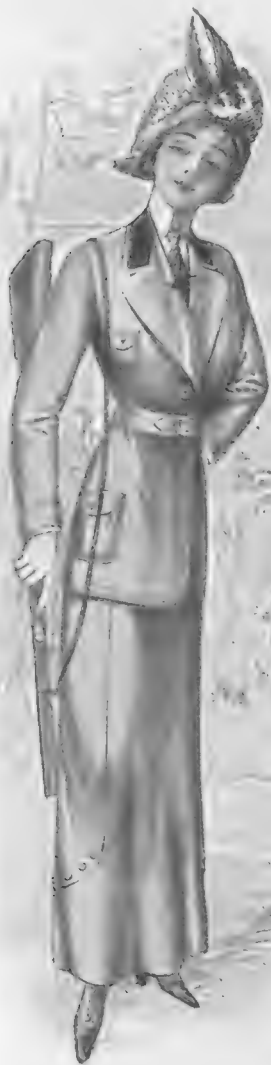
ably every new century has had a royal contempt for the one which preceded it, and that the nineteenth, in the year 1811, was as ready to pish and pooh at the stately and picturesque, and dirty eighteenth century as our young Intellectuals are at the period which closed a decade ago.

Revolution Behind the Footlights.

That there is already a revolution in full swing behind the footlights is apparent at all the theatres with "modern" tendencies, and Mr. Gordon Craig's article in this month's *English Review* on stage scenery and effects palpitates with possibilities. In the "new" theatre there is no elaborate detail in the scenery, which aims at a general, an Impressionistic effect. You are requested, in short, to look at the actors and actresses, to follow the theme of the play, rather than to admire elaborate embroideries or to allow your attention to be distracted by intricate carvings or views of Lake Como. Occasionally, in a severely simple scene, there will be one gorgeous splash of colour—orange, crimson, or sapphire. In short, the methods of the new school of painting are being applied to the stage, and the eyes of the audience are being trained to regard what is essential and not what is superfluous. That there is still much to be done in improving our present methods of lighting is obvious, and perhaps—who knows?—some day the unflattering footlights will disappear into the limbo of forgotten things. At present our mimes have to tint themselves like clowns to face this unnatural glare below their feet, and every actress, to her chagrin, knows that she looks at least five years older on the stage than she does in her own drawing-room.

The Mysteriousness of Existence.

Among the many illuminating phrases in Mr. Arnold Bennett's novel, "Hilda Lessways," there is one which must haunt imaginative persons. When Hilda is first attracted by the somewhat cheap fascinations of George Cannon, she "had an extremely disconcerting sensation of the mysteriousness of Mr. Cannon, and of the mysteriousness of all existence. Mr. Cannon existed somewhere at that moment, engaged in some activity. . . . Yet 'no outward sign of Mr. Cannon!'" Perhaps it is just as well that we only appear to each other at intervals, like hurrying figures on a lighted screen, for it is only in this way that our illusions about each other are kept up. Yet, when we are really interested by or attracted to people, we have a curiously baffled feeling when we think of them. We are always wondering what they are saying, or doing, or feeling at that particular moment of time. Affection clamours for a seventh sense which would annihilate space and solid objects, enabling us to come face to face with the person who is in our thoughts. Needless to say, such a super-sense would make life unendurable, and that we ourselves should be the first to cry out against such an outrage on our personal privacy. Yet still our sense of the mysteriousness of life, of all that is hidden, untold, and vague about our fellow-creatures, continues to envelop us, and suggests the hope that somewhere, somehow, we shall see with clearer eyes.

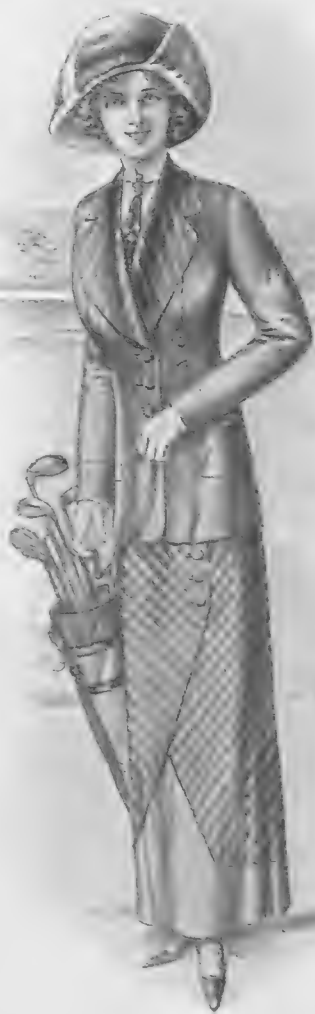


FOR THE FAIR GUN.

A shooting costume in dust-coloured homespun, finished with leather buttons; hat of grey felt trimmed with pheasant's plumage.

The Glamour of Asia.

The call of Asia—so irresistible to English folk—accounts largely for the continued success of "Sumurun." The strange, the exotic, the unfamiliar have always attracted us islanders of the remote North, and the allurements of the Orient have caused the Union Jack to float in many strange and unlikely spots on the earth's surface. And "Sumurun" is not merely the East—it is the East of "The Arabian Nights Entertainment" and of our childish fancyings. If the scene were placed in modern times, we should have no odalisques and dancing-girls, but ladies in hobble skirts and cheap, if showy, blouses, earnestly studying Nietzsche and Henri Bergson. For the lady of to-day in Stamboul or Teheran does not trip about in spangled gauze, but occupies herself with politics, the Feminist Movement, and the newest French and German philosophy. The spectacular and the picturesque are rapidly disappearing from this planet, and thus any faithful reproduction of the beautiful, bad old times gives us an extraordinary thrill of pleasure. Perhaps the most appealing thing in this strange Arabian tale is the way the characters appear, walking down a flowery path in semi-darkness from some vague spot at the back of the auditorium, and then, after killing off all the unsympathetic characters, they join hands with childish glee, and disappear in similar fashion into the land of dreams. This



FOR THE FAIR GOLFER.

A golf costume in striped frieze cloth; the skirt with simulated tunic; the coat-collar faced with the frieze.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.

THINGS in the Stock Exchange have certainly been more cheerful the last few days, despite the fact that even the most optimistic bulls have given up the notion of a very speedy peace. It is as well not to build too much on the fact that so far the Turco-Italian War has not produced complications, and therefore is not likely to do so. The Balkans have so far been kept quiet, but it will be something in the nature of a miracle if this can be maintained should the war last any considerable time. The first phase of the Morocco affair has been successfully got out of the way, but as the Congo compensation has still to be negotiated, the markets may yet receive many a shock before a complete settlement is reached. It is the bold man, willing to run risks, that either makes or breaks himself, we know; but to have an open account in these times requires steady nerves, without which those of our readers who are prepared to dabble had better wait for clearer skies.

HOME RAILWAYS.

Last week we pointed out the very considerable yields which the Ordinary and Deferred stocks of some of our biggest railways offered to purchasers at present prices, and already there is a considerable improvement in the tone of the market. The settlement disclosed great scarcity of stock; all the traffic returns are of the most cheerful nature; and within the last few days the feeling about the probable effect of the Commission's report—which should be published not long after these lines come under our readers' eyes—has become quite optimistic. We have always felt that it would not take much to bring about a quick change in the Home Railway Market, and should the Commission's report be acceptable to the men, so that the danger of labour troubles were for a time averted, we quite expect there would be a smart spurt in the best stocks—a spurt, too, which could be reasonably sustained. Great Northern Deferred and Midland Deferred look like the pick of the basket.

RUBBERS.

The "masterly inactivity" displayed recently by the market for Rubber shares speaks eloquently of the extent to which the public have burnt their fingers during the last twelve months. Until this nervousness wears off, which must take some time, we do not look for any considerable advance in values. Undoubtedly some shares can be bought which make attractive speculative investments, but the good reports issued by leading Companies such as Linggi, or Sumatra Para, are counterbalanced by the poor showing made by such Companies as Kibwezi and Boinsu.

We were not surprised to read that the 6 per cent. Debentures issued by the Mount Austin Company were oversubscribed last week; a dividend has already been paid on the Ordinary shares, and the money raised by this issue is only needed for the purchase of adjoining estates. Even if the price of rubber should fall to 2s. 6d. per pound, more than enough should be earned to pay the Debenture interest. We do not foresee any considerable drop in the price of the raw material for the present, our idea being that 4s. 6d. will be nearer the average price for the next few months than 4s., although, of course, ultimately the price must more closely approximate to the cost of production.

TIN SHARES AND OTHER THINGS.

Tin shares have displayed considerable activity during the last few days, and have advanced in several instances. Tin stands at £184 per ton to-day, and seems unlikely to drop below £170, at any rate, so that Companies in the producing stage should earn good dividends. Nigerian Tin look cheap at their present price of par, as they have very considerable holdings in other Companies, besides a valuable property of their own. The circular issued by the Bisichi (Nigeria) Tin Company the other day did not contain a great deal of definite information, but otherwise was certainly encouraging. The shares of the Noltun Nigeria (Bauchi) Company at about 6s. 6d., however, seem to us to offer a better chance. The Bauchi has a slightly smaller issued capital, and we hear from a reliable source that the two Companies are producing about the same quantity of metal. Last year the lowest price of the shares was 11s. and the highest 33s. 4d., so that at the present low figure the shares look a good speculation, and we know that those behind the scenes think so.

From a very well-informed source the tip reaches us to buy Guayaquil and Quito 5 per Cent. bonds, now standing in the region of 60. The bonds have had a rise lately, it is true, but the improved prospects do not yet seem sufficiently discounted. There are £7 10s. of interest arrears which go to the purchaser, and it is said that the Ecuador Government has communicated its willingness to remit the money for the current coupon if the holders will wait a reasonable time for the arrears, on which the Government is willing to pay interest. The English holders are said to be anxious to accept these terms; but their American fellow-sufferers seem to be less complaisant, and, with the aid of their Government, expect to get something better. Allowing for arrears, the present price comes down to about 54, and leaves room for improvement.

OF YANKERS.

From all that can be seen by careful study of the conditions

in the American Market, there is no intention on the part of the wirepullers in Wall Street to let prices slip back to any material extent. They, the wirepullers, may not object to an occasional reaction which will enable them to job in and out, but apparently the New York game just now is to keep prices on the bull tack. It is more than likely that the American speculators are fairly heavy bulls, because they took big parcels of shares from Germany just about the time when the Berlin Bourse broke into semi-panic on the idea that French depositors would withdraw the many millions of francs which they had laid up with the German bankers. This scare has passed into history, and there is not likely to be a recurrence of *saute qui peut* sales from the Continent, while the open account in London is so small—for home speculators, we mean—as to be all but negligible. So Wall Street holds the shares and the key to the position in its own hands. Labour difficulties are being smoothed over, no doubt by methods that are not difficult to guess. The outlook is clearer than has been the case for some time past. All things considered, it looks as if the Bulls rather than the Bears have the best of the game: for the time being, anyway.

RHODESIANS REVIVING.

The tip to buy Chartered continues to be circulated as sedulously as it was at the time when the price of the shares stood a florin higher, but a healthy sign is the way in which the carry-over rate ran off, last week, until it reached a halfpenny per share—equal to about 3 per cent. Judging from this, it might be inferred that the advice to buy was followed by operations of the contrary order, and there is nothing so helpful to the Chartered Market—and Home Rails—as a good-sized bear position. Of course, the foreign political complications, the general depression, the slumps in East Rands, Wit Deeps, and Tanganyikas have all militated heavily against the Rhodesian Market, but at last it looks as though the promised revival may be on the way to materialise. The drop in "Tanks" can be explained by references to unexpected financial difficulties which arose on a sudden in Belgium. Still, the shares are too much of a gambling counter to be recommended save for use in that capacity simply. Rhodesian Exploration have a more substantial backing so far as assets are concerned, while Globes and Giants, with their always free market, are safe to follow when the Rhodesian department is attracting buyers. Of lower-priced shares, Willoughbys have a good future, and receive a dividend, while, if a "cheap" line is wanted, Bulawayo Water, at three shillings, may be picked up for the sake of a probable nimble profit.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Yes, there's more business about," admitted The Jobber, a trifle ungraciously, "but not enough to go round, by long chalks."

"It is something to hear you confess that more trade is doing," said The Banker. "We are not getting a great number of Stock Exchange orders just at present."

"You should come and spend an hour or two by our stand in the House," The Broker told them. "In normal times the wires from the Continent come in by the handful—"

"Literally?"

"Literally by the handful, every two minutes. And now I very much doubt whether there are three wires in five minutes from Germany. I tell you, Berlin is doing absolutely nothing."

"Germany got badly hit over that slump in Yankees last month, as well as over other matters connected with the Moroccan scare."

"What are the cheapest shares in the Stock Exchange?" inquired The Merchant.

"Cements," replied The Broker promptly. "The Company, you probably know, has sold its output on the Medway for five years—"

"That's the yarn, anyway," confirmed The Jobber.

"Sold it," continued The Broker, "to the Panama Canal people. And as soon as the weak bull account has been reduced a little more, up you'll see Cements go again."

"The Second Debenture stock at 93 ought to be fairly cheap, then. It's a five-per-center, isn't it?"

"Very cheap, of course. And—"

"Do you fellows notice how Antofagasta Deferred have been rising?" inquired The City Editor. "I always told you it was a cheap stock."

"It's on this Nitrate business," said The Broker. "They seem to think we shall have business in Nitrate shares again."

"The market wants a fertiliser," laughed The Jobber. "It's been as dead as Kaffirs for ages."

"I can't make out this East Rand affair," and The Engineer looked puzzled. "You'd think the shares must be cheap after this big drop, but there are curious rumours about even now."

"You keep out of them," was The Broker's counsel. "I don't mean go a bear of them, but just leave them alone. Now, I think it much safer to buy De Beers."

"Not on top of this big rise, surely?"

"Wait for them to go back a bit, and then get in. For investment, I mean, as well as speculation."

"My fancy turns to thoughts of Broken Hill," said The Engineer. "You have really something to go upon there."

"Plenty of strikes, anyway," The Broker observed. "All the same, it's not a bad market, and I think myself you get fewer whacks in the face there than you do in the Kaffir Circus."

"Is there any real danger in holding Bank shares?" The

[Continued on page 63.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

What Is, and What Is Said. There is very little change in fashion; crinolines remain what they were—bogeys with which to scare credulous woman; even Suffragettes have to be more substantially caged! There is a little spring at the hem of the smartest skirts; also these are slightly trimmed, with fur, fringe, or silk ruching, and there is a strong feeling for swathed and for shawl and handkerchief draperies. Lines remain long, and the ideal of slinness is as difficult as ever to attain and to keep. Flesh is the most superfluous thing a woman of fashion knows! Coats of cloth and satin and velvet, and the all-conquering rattine—would that it had another and a nicer name—to match skirts are all short. Fur coats, on the other hand, are almost all long. The short material coats are very jaunty and smart; they are cleverly cut with a bias effect to the short basque at the back, which is prettily impertinent and bird-like. Hats remain like the Irish fishwife's wares—all sorts

and sizes. Taller crowns are favoured by shorter women, who look like Georgian houses, squat with tall chimneys. The chapeaux of moderate dimensions trimmed with handsome ostrich-plumes hold their own well; silk beaver is in vogue, and a hat shaped rather like a bishop's, worn with sides to the front, the brims pinched in and trimmed with ospreys (worth, say, £60) is considered decidedly smart.

A New Home for an Old House.

Garrard's, has been a name to conjure with since the days of my youth, and since my great-grandmother's youth; the name suggests visions such as Aladdin had in the cave of jewels. It was, close upon two hundred years ago, as it is now, a great jeweller's, gold and silversmiths. The old place in the Haymarket, which, could its stones speak, could tell of historic jewellery in three centuries and for six sovereigns and heaps of royal



NINA EDITH HOBLYN OLIVER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. CHARLES CLIFFORD TEE WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (17TH).

It was arranged that the marriage of Miss Oliver, of Buxton, Norfolk, and Mr. Clifford Tee, of the Irish Rifles, should take place yesterday in Maymygo, Burmah.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

princes and princesses, has been deserted. Garrard's was great, and is and must be great, in the business world; therefore it must be set worthily. It certainly is. I was taken over the new Garrard's at the junction of Grafton and Albemarle Streets, and found it to be the last word in magnificent business establishments. From the spacious, nobly-pitched ground floor, with its restful grey, green, and ivory-white colouring, to the top of the immense house, everything was not only splendidly planned for its present purpose, but was artistically satisfying as well as a treat to the cultured: Adam decoration, Adam space and dignity, beautiful real Adam show-cases brought from the old house, superb fireplaces from the same source, one copied from a Grand Prix exhibit at Brussels this year; Sheraton sunk cupboards filled with antique silver in a room purposely and beautifully designed for this purpose. The show-cases, Adam in style and lighted electrically from within, were fitting beds of grey-green velvet to show up the wonderful jewels. Then the model room actually suggested Benvenuto Cellini, but was really devoted mostly to models of Ascot cups and other trophies. Then there are the silver-room, and all the other rooms, and, down below, the steel jewel-room in which repose the jewels of clients (worth the National Debt), and all the other safes for gold and silver—well, it really was Aladdin of 1911 materialised and specialised and idealised!

An Important Move.

From New Burlington Street to Hanover Square is not a long cry. When, however, it means the moving into fine new quarters of John Worth, the one and only, it is a matter of much importance. The London business, regarded as a branch, has secured

such a splendid success that it must now be hailed as a House, and is installed in remarkably beautiful premises. The mural decorations are in old ivory, tinted with true Pompadour colouring; the effect is very fascinating. Pompadour prints are the chief pictures. Carpets, chairs, hanging-rooms for the models, all are in such taste as one might expect from a firm bearing such a name, and Mr. John Worth has the great Worth's taste and style and colour-discernment. Very many well-known ladies among our best dressers were there on opening day, inspecting charming model after charming model. The ladies looked their loveliest, and the clothes—ball-dresses, long cloaks, afternoon gowns, coats and skirts and furs—were in the most tasteful and beautiful surroundings that I have seen these many years.

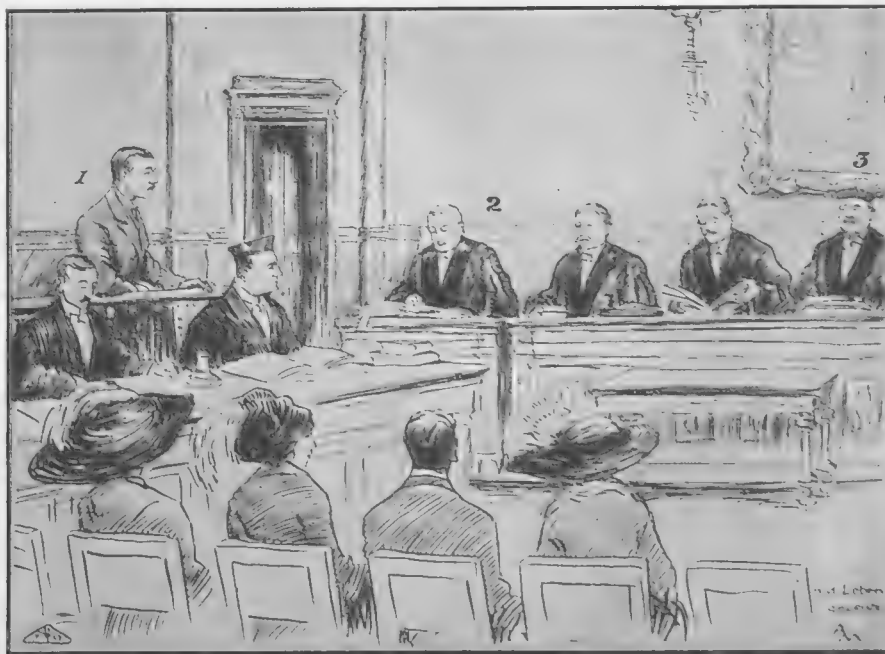
Beauty Adorned.

There is no proverb so *passé* as "Beauty unadorned." To the modern woman living in a rush, motoring, golfing, yachting, shooting, dancing, shopping, playing cards, beauty unadorned is very homely, to use an Americanism. It must be smart, stylish, up to date, and it must be kept so. There is nothing like the Bichara-Ritzol treatment for keeping it so; the system is excellent, and the preparations are quite pure and invariably beneficial. A small booklet recently issued from the London house, 170-3, Piccadilly, by Bichara of Paris, is a splendid shilling's-worth for the woman who values her complexion; it gives ample directions for the care of the skin and use of the preparations to those unable to attend at the establishment. The Bichara perfumes have so great a vogue that no one will need to be reminded that one drop suffices, and that the odour is true to the natural flower, or flowers.



RECOGNITION OF THE VALUE OF LORD KITCHENER'S WORK IN INDIA: THE SKETCH MODEL FOR THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE WHICH IS TO BE SET UP ON THE MAIDAN, CALCUTTA.

The value and appreciation of the work of Lord Kitchener in India is demonstrated in the project to erect a colossal equestrian statue of him on the Maidan, Calcutta. The statue will be fourteen feet high on a stone pedestal twelve feet high, and will bear four bronze panels relating to the Field-Marshal's military career. The cost is being defrayed by public subscription. The work is being cast in bronze by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of London and Birmingham. For the portrait-study on this statue Mr. March has been honoured with sittings from his Lordship.



THE EXTRAORDINARY BERLIN SOCIETY TRIAL: COUNT GISBERT VON WOLFF-METTERNICH IN COURT.—1. COUNT GISBERT VON WOLFF-METTERNICH. 2. HERR PORZELT (FOR THE CROWN). 3. THE PRESIDENT OF THE COURT.

Extraordinary interest was aroused in Berlin by the trial of Count Gisbert von Wolff-Metternich on a charge of incurring debts he was unable to pay. Many remarkable statements were made in court. And it was said, for example, that, although the Count's allowance from his father was only thirty shillings a month, he lived in princely style. Eventually, the young Count was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, whereof six are reckoned to have been served, owing to the length of the proceedings. He has given notice of appeal.

Continued from page 62.]

Jobber asked. "People whom I know have got them, and they are a little fidgety after this Bank of Egypt suspension. Prices have gone down, too, I see."

The Banker took up the running.

"My own advice is that Bank shares carrying a liability are ill-suited to the small investor. He can get other securities paying almost as much on the money, and which are fully paid. I fail to see why the smaller capitalist should want to buy shares with this added source of uneasiness that liability must entail."

"But there is practically no risk——"

"That is perfectly true in most cases; and the larger investor can well afford to put Bank shares amongst his other things. To the smaller man, however, and to all ladies, I say 'No' when they inquire if I think they should buy Banking shares."

"You might make a special note of that in your paper," said The Jobber to The City Editor. "It would at least have the merit of being an expert opinion. And novelty is always refreshing in a newspaper."

"When we want a sound and well-considered judgment, we invariably ask a member of the Stock Exchange," retorted The City Editor affably.

"Might do worse," murmured the House-man, whose sarcasm was hardly his long suit. "I once knew a broker——"

The Broker hurriedly switched the conversation on to Home Railway lines, and his statement as to the market being oversold met with general endorsement.

"But there are no—er—er——"

"We know—call 'em violin-strings," The Jobber suggested.

"Thanks. That's it. So as soon as prices rise a little, there's nothing to back them up, and again they flop back into what the penny-a-liners call inanition."

"Furthermore——"

"—or less," added The Jobber, emboldened by his last success.

"Furthermore," pursued The Engineer, "good as dividends may be for 1911, there's not going to be a Coronation or a record summer every year."

"Now you are looking too far ahead for most of us," argued The Broker. "It's a known fact that the next batch of dividends will be good, and as they won't be out for another ten weeks or so, we have plenty of time in which to smite the bears."

"The Royal Commission——"

"That's what everyone sold bears on. And when the finding is

published, you'll see a rare scramble to get in again, whatever the result of the findings happens to be."

"You're gambling with very unknown chances," The Engineer protested. "Seems to me that the outlook for the Home Railway Market is awfully difficult to read."

"Supposing that we have another Continental scare after the Tripoli thing is settled," suggested The City Editor.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed The Jobber, jumping up, "you ought to have been included amongst the 'Northern Terrors.'"

Saturday, Oct. 14, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HAMID.—We have no liking for the bulk of the Oil shares, and the Maikop properties particularly. Your prices are awful, but by purchasing a few more at the present rubbish levels you stand a good chance of getting a little of your own back.

CAPT. We have sent you the name and address of a firm of brokers who will do your business well. Names of members of the Stock Exchange are not published in this column.

E.V.—The bank is first-rate, but you must not forget the liability on the shares, which is probably nominal. Most people looked on the Bank of Egypt shares in the same light, to their cost.

LUCY.—(1). We hear good accounts of this Company and its business from people in Canada able to judge, and think you might hold as an investment. (2). If the shares were our own we should sell. We don't like shares in weak Banks, especially when there is a liability of £5 on each, as in your case.

EBOR.—We see no reason for you to sell your Bank shares unless you don't wish to hold with the liability. The Bank Market has had a set-back by the Bank of Egypt failure. Whatever happens in China will not injure the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank.

BROADWAY.—If you think well of Canada's future you may buy the options.

JUNO.—The Press shares are paying well, and likely to go on doing so. G.W.R. Ordinary, on the last two half-yearly dividends, yield about 5 per cent. at present price.

SHAREHOLDER.—We think the decline is due to the state of the whole market.

HERON.—Gambles both.

We are asked to state that Messrs. Boulton Bros. and Co., Old Broad Street, E.C., have taken into partnership Mr. William Whytehead Boulton and Mr. Frederick Heyworth Cripps.

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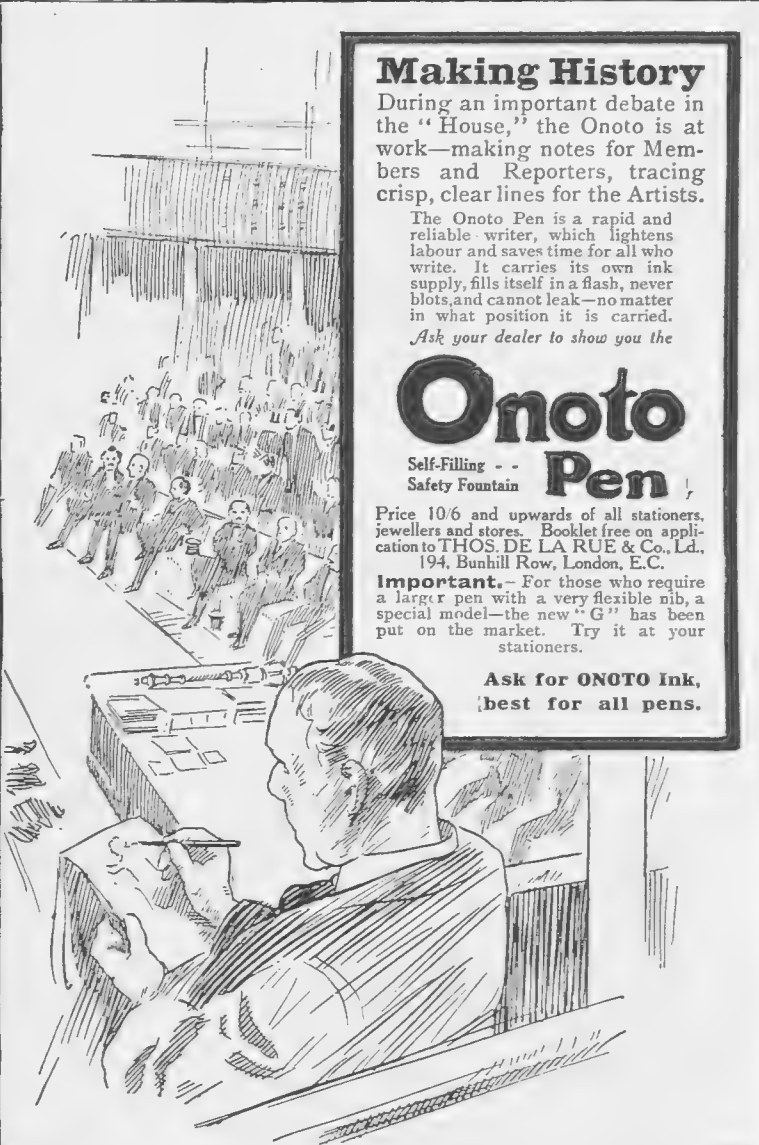
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(Drawing by Charles Ke. ne)

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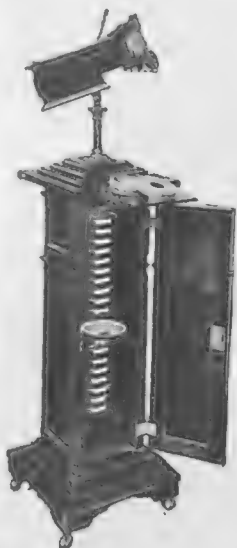
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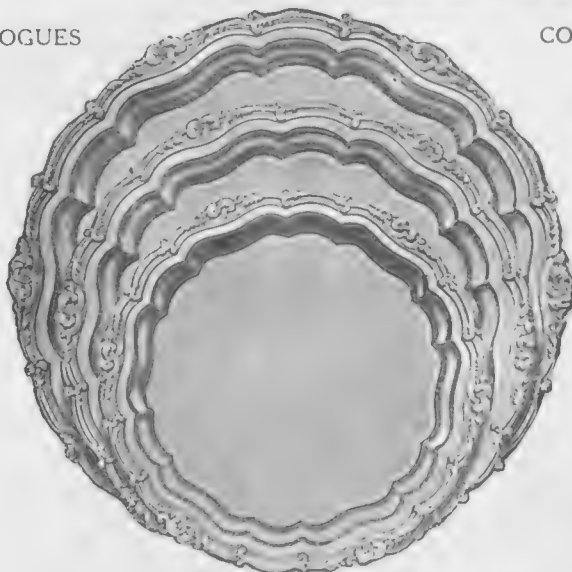
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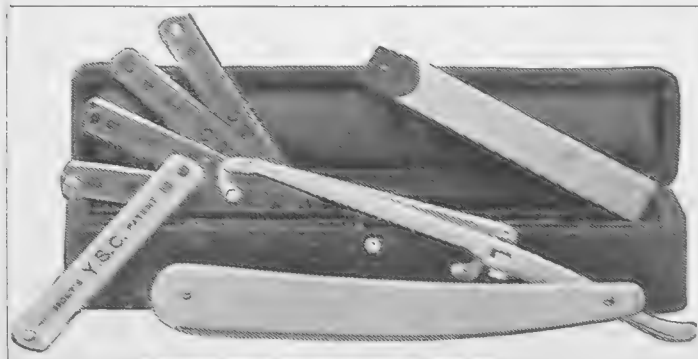
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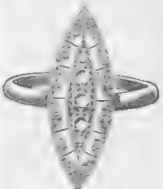
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Motor-Buses
Miraculous.

The public take most things for granted—that is to say, they accept betterment without much question as to how it comes about, although, if things deteriorate and the comfort of the man in the street is interfered with, the trouble begins. I am moved to these reflections by the slight amount of public interest aroused by the improvement—the wonderful improvement—in certain of the motor-omnibuses which use the London streets. I refer especially to the "B" type, now put on the road in considerable numbers by the London General Omnibus Company, which differs from many others as does water from wine. I wonder if the thousands of passengers who ride in these motor-omnibuses and silently appreciate their comfort and quietude, ever realise that they are the product of the Company itself. The 'buses of type "B" are certainly getting very near perfection—if, indeed, they have not attained it. They slow down immediately, and get away rapidly without fuss, jar, or noise, and while running even with full load they are more silent than many cars. For this thanks are largely due to the chain-driven gear-box and the worm drive to the back axle.

The 15-h.p. Napier
for 1912.

That very popular car the 15-h.p. Napier will, when inspected at Olympia, be found to exhibit many interesting improvements in detail. They are nowhere so radical as to suggest any differentiation in type, but they are sufficient to constitute many desirable refinements. In the 1912 model the frame is downswept to provide a low entrance for covered bodies, while the rear end is now carried on a transverse as well as by the two flat side-springs. The back-wheel brakes are adjustable without inconvenience, and the steering is now fitted so that its rake can be adjusted to suit the requirements of the driver. The back axle is now made in four separate pieces, so that, should accidental damage occur through collision or otherwise, it would not be necessary to replace the whole or even half the axle-casing. A front tubular cross-tie connecting the side-members carries the starting-handle bracket, while a similar member conceals the rear ends of the longitudinals. Between this tube and the rear frame member a neatly shaped petrol-tank is placed, with a fine-sized filler. The lock is remarkable and wonderfully handy for traffic

driving, for the car can be turned in a circle thirty-two feet in diameter.

The Rise of Chain
Drive.

From general report it would appear that the chief departure in internal-combustion-engine design will be the abandonment of gear-wheel drive to the cam-shaft and magneto and pump shafts in favour of the use of a silent chain. The pitchless or silent chain, either by the great chain expert Hans Renold, of Manchester, or the Coventry Chain Company, will be found very much in favour, used singly by some firms and in pairs by others. That is to say, that in some cases one chain is made to embrace three wheels—the driving wheel on the crank-shaft and the driven wheels on the cam-shaft and magneto or pump spindles. On the other hand, two chains are frequently employed—one driving the cam-shaft from the crank-shaft, and the other the magneto or pump spindle from the cam-shaft. To my mind, the latter arrangement makes the better job, although introducing more weight to be rotated and necessitating greater length of crank-chamber. Notwithstanding everything, these chains will stretch, and herein resides the problem of chain drive to the cam-shaft. Perhaps loading the cam-shaft, as is done in one case, would compensate for lack of adjustment.

A Curious Contrast.

It is intimated that the Secretary for Scotland has authorised the Automobile Association and Motor Union to perform in Scotland all the duties specified in the Motor-Car (International Circulation) Order, 1910, in reference to the work of examining and certifying motor-cars and drivers for foreign countries and issuing International Passes in accordance with the International Convention. It is noteworthy that the Association is authorised in this way in respect to England, Ireland, and Scotland. I presume, however, that the Scottish and Irish Automobile Clubs have similar privileges in their own areas. Reference to the examinations for International Passes reminds me that now a tourist proposing to drive his car abroad must demonstrate to some authority represented by a qualified official that he can control and manipulate a motor-car. But the lame, the halt, and the blind, without any one or other of them ever having seen a motor-car, can obtain a license to drive one—ay, one of monstrous horse-power—in this country (yea, even in the turmoil of the London streets) upon mere application and the payment of five shillings.

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Incidents from a Lady's life
Picture 17

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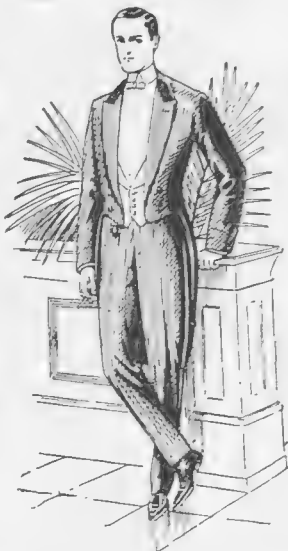
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Linen Damask Table Cloths: in Satin Stripe, Floral and other Designs.—2 by 2 yds., 8/6 each; 2 by 2½ yds., 10/8 each. Napkins to match, 1½ by 1½ yd., 8/9; 1 by 1 yd., 13/6 dozen.
Shamrock and other Designs.—Cloths, 2 by 2½ yds., 9/10 each; 2½ by 3 yds., 16/3 each. Napkins to match, 2½ by 2½ in., 11/4 dozen.
Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yds., 17/6 pair; 2½ by 3 yds., 22/6 pair.
Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases, 20 by 30 in., 5/- pair; 20 by 32 in., 5/10 pair.
Grass Bleached Linen Towels, Hemstitched, 12/6 dozen.

Irish Collars.

"Castle" Collars, linen faced (the styles include the newest and the old-style designs also, per dozen, double shapes, 5/11; single shapes, 4/11



Irish Linen Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' all-linen, hemstitched, 2/11 to 12/6 per dozen.

Ladies' Linen Initial Handkerchiefs, any initial, 6/3 to 13/6 per dozen.

Gentlemen's Cambric Handkerchiefs, tape or corded borders, about 21 in. square, 5/3 to 8/11 per dozen.

Gentlemen's Initial Handkerchiefs, pure linen, finely hemstitched, about 19½ in. square, 8/6 to 15/6 per dozen.

Irish Shirts.

"Matchless" Shirts, with fine four-fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day wear (to measure 2½ per half dozen extra) .. per half dozen 35/6

Carriage Paid
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Samples and
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Appointment to the King, and to the Danish and Russian Courts.

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CHERRY BRANDY

Have you tried it on Fruit Salad?

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THE GREAT HAIR TONIC

is the most effective
Hair Restorer in the World, with more than 30 years' reputation. It makes the Hair soft, glossy and luxuriant, promotes new growth, and soon covers thin patches with Hair. PETROLE HAHN cures scurf and dandruff, and gives health and vigour to the Hair by its stimulating action. Prominent Doctors and Hair Specialists prescribe it everywhere. PETROLE HAHN, the great French Specific, is delicately perfumed. Guaranteed absolutely safe, NON-EXPLOSIVE & NON-INFLAMMABLE. Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in bottles at 2/6, 4/-, & 10/- Manufacturer—F. VIBERT, Lyons, France. Sole Agents for Great Britain—G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

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TO KEEP THE LOOKS OF YOUTH.

The texture of the skin changes from time to time—generally for the worse. This is why beauty fades and wrinkles begin to show.

The skin deteriorates because it is constantly assailed by dust and grime, which get into the pores and remain there.

To render the complexion clear, fresh, and healthy, you must use Oatine

Face Cream, which is a natural skin food prepared from the finest Oats. Unlike any other face cream, it gets down into the pores and removes the harmful matter embedded there; it allays all irritation, restores the normal vitality of the skin, and improves its texture, making it smooth and velvety. Oatine does not grow hair. Men find Oatine invaluable for relieving the irritation caused by shaving.

Oatine Cream is sold by all Chemists, in 1/3 and 2/6 jars.

A FREE SAMPLE OF Oatine FACE CREAM

will be sent to all sending for the same, or for 3d. in stamps a handsome toilet outfit, exactly as illustrated, containing a trial size of each of the following preparations:

Oatine Cream, Talcum Powder, Balm, Face Powder, Soap, Tooth Powder, and Shaving Powder, also a 2d. Shampoo, and a 50-page book on the care of the complexion

THE OATINE CO.,
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'WHY NOT'

The new 2s. Golf Ball.

Uniform from centre to outside. Won't back or go out of shape.

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Invaluable for Acidity, Flatulence, Heartburn, Impure Breath, Indigestion, Diarrhoea, &c. PREVENT MANY AN ILLNESS.

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession. Sold by all Chemists & Stores. Biscuits, 1/- 2/- & 4/- per tin; Powder, 2/- & 4/- per bottle; Lozenges, 1/1½ per tin. Capsules, convenient for travellers, 2/- per box.

J.L. Bragg, Ltd., 14, Wigmore St., London

ABSOLUTE COMFORT ASSURED

to the woman who wears

'SPHERE' SUSPENDERS

which grip the hose securely without straining or tearing the most delicate fabric, and give the figure the fashionable straight-fronted effect. Affixed in a moment, they save hours of discomfort.

PRICES—
Mercerised, R 500 to R 504, 1/- each.
Silk, R 505 to R 509, varying from 1/6 to 2/3 each.

THE GRIP THAT GRIPS AND NEVER SLIPS.

If your draper does not stock them, apply to

'SPHERE' SUSPENDER CO., LEICESTER,
Postage, 1d. per pair extra.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

ALTHOUGH the present shooting season is young, and only strayed pheasants have come to the gun, there have been many complaints. It is not that birds are scarce—in many parts of England partridges are more plentiful than they have been since 1908; while pheasants, hand-reared and wild, are very numerous, and there is an abundance of ground game. The trouble seems to be due to the wildness of the partridges; men complain that they cannot come to terms with their birds. I have had one or two curious experiences already, seeing three and four coveys pass over a line of guns and not leaving as much as a souvenir of their flight, but the limit was reached a few days ago, when a friend shooting with six others over about twelve hundred acres of well-stocked land finished the day with just eight brace of partridges. To be sure, the wind was high, but each of the men out is a fair shot, and the driving arrangements were under skilled direction. The truth is that an early harvest has wrought the trouble. In the old days, when no machinery was used in farming, the long stubbles hid birds, and it did not matter to the sportsman if harvest came a month before its time. He relied upon his pointers or retrievers, and walked up after his birds in the fashion known to his father before him. But it is altogether a different matter when you have skinned the land at the end of July with a self-binding reaper and there isn't enough cover to hide a lark. Partridges suffer a very great shock when the corn is cleared; the unfamiliar bare fields must seem like another world to them. Naturally, they become highly suspicious; the young birds take the cue from their parents. Perhaps the covey is stalked by a fox, or farm hands pass frequently across the stubbles; the birds get more and more restless. Then, again, the fields are full of the spilt grain, and the diet is so liberal that the cheepers are soon able to fly almost as well as their parents. Perhaps the farmer who does not shoot his own birds, but preserves his rights under the Ground Game Act, has been bagging a few rabbits, and nothing makes partridges so wild as the sound of gun-fire. Whatever the cause, birds started the season wild, the comparative failure of the root crops has reduced still further their usual allowance of cover, and the beginning of October found those that had survived the September ordeal as wild as kites. So the shooting has suffered, and it is likely that pheasants will prove to be stronger than usual in flight when the big days come round.

I can't help thinking that the present state of things has its compensations. In the first place, a few difficult shots that come off are far more satisfactory than a large number of simple ones. Secondly,

there is some definite interest in pitting the cunning of the man against the cunning of the bird, in guessing the probable lines of flight, and placing the guns in fashion that would not be followed on a still day with birds in their normal state. Then, again, such a season as the present affords an opportunity for using the kites, which, if carefully selected and properly flown, will make the wildest birds lie like stones. On the large partridge manors the existing conditions do not matter much, for where the drivers are reinforced by an army of stoppers the direction of the birds can be assured—the only question that matters is the height at which the coveys will pass over the line of guns. I am thinking rather of the shootings of moderate size, on which it is not possible to employ many people because they are not to be found. In September, when extra assistants were not required, there were plenty of men and boys at a loose end; the land was so hard that farming operations were well-nigh suspended. But since the beginning of October work has been resumed in earnest and the ploughmen have added their contribution to the birds' unrest.

It is more than likely that on many small shoots the partridges will be left in peace by the end of the present month; they will be held to have won the game. After a few futile attempts to get a fair bag by driving, men become a little reluctant to invite their friends to tramp from one position to another with no other reward than the occasional sight of coveys going off at all sorts of unexpected angles, or else flying so high that they are almost, or quite, out of range. Men who shoot regularly through the season have grown so accustomed to find good sport awaiting them that they are intolerant of anything that does not respond to the established standard. All over the country where the land is light the absence of cover has prevailed since August began, while, to make matters more difficult, many coveys were hatched out a week, ten days, or even a fortnight earlier than usual. It is a little hard on those who were careful to spare their birds in 1909 and 1910 to find that, now they have got the birds, they can't come to terms with them. The man who shoots birds, but has never reared any, will find a little difficulty in sharing these feelings; but, after all, the partridge is the most popular gamebird in England. There is no need to put the birds down; they are to be found in all directions, and a little care and attention given in spare time and as an occupation for leisure hours will effect a marked improvement in the size and even the quality of the stock. Yet, after Nature has devoted two summers to drowning young birds and reducing partridge-shooting to a minimum, she sends a summer than encourages those that are left to breed vigorously, and then, through the medium of early hatching and an early harvest, hands them over to their friend the enemy well-nigh unapproachable. Hard lines!

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THE NEWBURY SLIP COAT.



THE ELYSIAN ULSTER.

POPE & BRADLEY

Tailors & Breeches Makers

THE HOUSE WHICH SETS THE VOGUE

AN adequate argument of the successful vogue our House has attained may be instanced by the fact that our business has compelled us to extend our premises and make many additions to our staff to cope with the large increase in business which has come to us. Likewise, we have thought it advisable to publish a special **AUTUMN AND WINTER CATALOGUE**, dealing with the **NEW MODEL OVERCOATS** we are now showing. This Catalogue contains exhaustive information on the subject with which it deals, and, being printed in colours, it conveys not only an exact description of each, but also an adequate representation of the garments illustrated. We shall be glad to send a copy of this Catalogue on request, and append herewith a selection from some of the models illustrated therein—

THE NEWBURY SLIP COAT, from 3 Guineas

An ideal coat for Autumn Wear, made of light and medium weight textures. The universal popularity our "Newbury Slip" has attained is due to its perfect cut and balance. With loose flowing skirts, affording freedom of girth and unrestricted action to the limbs; with roomy sleeves cut on a pivot principle to allow perfect free play to the arms, it forms the epitome of smartness and ease for either Town or Country use.

THE ELYSIAN SLIP COAT, from 4 Guineas

An infinite improvement upon its kindred types, the "Elysian Slip" will be the vogue of the season. Cut with the Newbury shoulders and a voluminous skirt, the fulness of which graduates into an inverted box-pleat, it is a coat of military smartness and distinctive character. Chiefly made in our popular blue Elysian naps and fleeces, its cut is of such a style that it can never be imitated by cheap grade firms.

THE ELYSIAN ULSTER, from 4 Guineas

Possessing the combined virtues of an excellent travelling ulster and a smart town coat, the "Elysian Ulster" will have a considerable vogue this season. Although chiefly made in our popular Elysian naps, it is a style which is amenable to any softly made cloth. Perfectly cut and balanced, sufficiently light for walking, and warm enough for motoring, it is an ideal coat for town and country wear.

THE CADOGAN TOWN COAT, from 3 Guineas

Designed by us essentially as a town coat for the man whom inclination and necessity demand to be well-dressed, the "Cadogan" stands pre-eminent for social or professional wear. Symmetrically shaped to the figure, the finer points have been carefully thought out, and the small essentials which are the very essence of the art of the cutter, are all embodied in its style.

The success of our business is due to our trading upon a rigid cash basis only. By this system we are in a position to employ the cleverest cutters in the trade, and supply the identical materials sold by other West-End firms at nearly double the price for credit.

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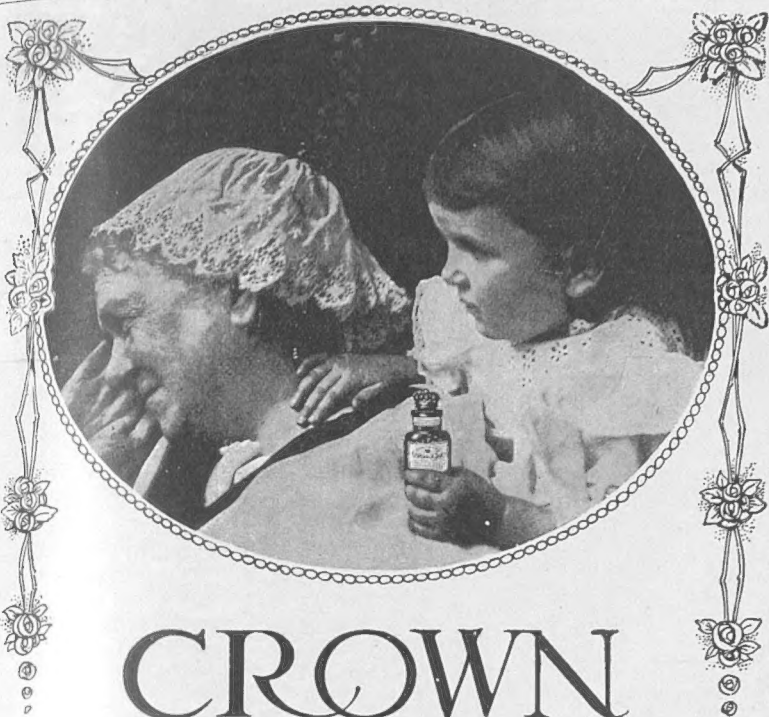
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are always welcome when feeling tired or listless. Whether in the home, or when travelling, they form an ideal restorative which no lady should be without.

Sole Manufacturers:

**The CROWN PERFUMERY Co.,
LONDON AND PARIS.**

Beware of Imitations. label on the bottle. Insist on seeing the "Crown" Of all Chemists and Druggists.

For general use

The "Allenburys" Diet is a complete and easily digested Food. It is pleasant to take, readily assimilated and speedily restorative. Whilst helping the system to recover its tone and vigour, it forms an ideal food for general use. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form.

Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Of Chemists, 1/6 & 3/- per tin



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The Club Suit, the Acme of Style and Comfort, From 5 Guineas.

OVERCOATS of every description kept ready for immediate wear, or to order from 3 Guineas.

**MORNING COATS
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County Gentlemen should call and inspect our New Goods and leave their measures.



The New Dress Suit, Cut with our New System of Waist Fitting, From 6 Guineas.

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CONTAIN NO OPIUM.

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Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption; Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.

Clear and give Strength to the Voice of SINGERS, and are Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Soothing and Simple; CHILDREN can use them, as they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.

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"Gentlemen,—For sudden affections of the Bronchial organs I use and most cheerfully recommend 'BROWN'S TROCHES.' They are regarded as most eligible, convenient, and indispensable by numerous artists of my acquaintance, BOTH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. They seem to act specially on the organs of the voice, and produce a clear enunciation.—Yours truly," "MARIE ROZE MAPESON."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS AT 1s. 1d. PER BOX.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Good Boy Seldom."BY OLIVER ONIONS.
(Methuen.)

It was a doting grandmother who had given him the name. "The first two words of it had originally been granted in capitulation to nobody remembered what dry-eyed rage of shouting ('... I am a good boy! I am a good boy!') as he had kicked on the lower panels of the bed-room door of disgrace; and the qualifying adverb had been tacked on because, if little boys with Royal Readers ought not to tell lies, neither ought grandmothers." Agreeably with the phrenology of the poster, "The Boy: What Will He Become?" Mr. Onions catches his boy young, and once caught, Good Boy Seldom's being remains transparently imprisoned for his author's purpose to the last misty moment of that Trafalgar Day afternoon, when that white-and-gold yacht slipped her moorings near the *Victory*, and bore into some Argentine space her discredited company-promoter. For that is where Good Boy Seldom's imagination was beckoning through a series of magnificent enterprises which would have carried him to a Dictatorship had not society in a panic condemned him to banishment, voluntary or otherwise. "Warrender Square" was the nursery of this modern genius, and in Warrender Square Mr. Onions has achieved a triumph. That flourishing chapel (Congregational) in its northern manufacturing town, with those upspringing, crude suckers of guild and class and club intended as nourishment and shelter for the young, may make an unæsthetic picture, but its painter knows its *nuances* as the old Dutchmen knew their taverns. The god of that coterie of thrifty, canny, bigoted tradesmen was Samuel Smiles, and "Samuelism," as it came to be called, permeated Good Boy Seldom's mind in a personal and peculiar way. Thrift, sobriety, and patient honesty; yes, these virtues, which obviously create a nation of Fifty-Pounders, and even Five-Hundred-Pounders, must be ardently enforced—on others, in order that Good Boy Seldoms may have money presently for fine flights of finance. And our Good Boy Seldom used what came in his way in the manner of all born craftsmen. His pastor's enthusiasm, his contemporary's labour, his country's need, and man's boundless gullibility were pressed into service along with the fifties and five hundreds. All became factors in his scheme of life, which meant Good Boy Seldom's fortunes, as he understood them. One fatal lapse of craftsmanship occurred with a young woman, a star of Gaiety opera. He allowed her to use him because he wanted her: he called it love. And she used him up with a brutality which made his brutality towards the

Five-Hundred-Pounders look almost like benevolence. That creation of unredeemed vulgarity, greed, and cruelty, along with Good Boy Seldom's unswerving policy (when, Mr. Onions, was he "good"?) hang an air of abstraction about the story, despite the studious realism of its setting. Mr. Onions is a realist of the Platonic way of thought. The love of sensationalism, on the one hand, of trite proverbial Samuelism on the other, and the desperate need to get on all round—the uppermost tendencies, in fact, of his time—Mr. Onions would personify with names and entity. They are controlled by other forces just a little stronger and farther-seeing and more calculating—Good Boy Seldoms and Birds of his Feather. Mr. Onions is a humorous philosopher, desperately anxious, none the less, for ultimate good, reading the signs of his time in newspaper and on hoarding, and dreaming of a Utopia where all this ingenious self-seeking may transform itself to a servant of the national welfare. The closing dedication to the Good Boy Always lifts a curtain on the dream which shines austere behind all the whimsicality. One wonders if Mr. Onions' book fulfils his own interpretation of Advertisement in the larger sense—"that casting of the work itself into a form the man in the street understands"—but he has dived deep into those fascinating causes, those mere nothings which cause "one egg to hatch out a baleful serpent and another a harmless dove." The Good Boy Seldom as we now know him—destined for a premiership and a peerage, or for some dim Argentine space of exile, not to say prison—and the Good Boy Seldom with a sense of responsibility that should set the public good before his own, it required so little to make that mighty difference.

"The Song of Renny."BY MAURICE HEWLETT.
(Macmillan)

When one says Burne-Jones or Tadema or Maurice Hewlett, certain decorative effects leap into the mind with each name. "The Song of Renny" continues the tradition belonging to Mr. Hewlett. Like a good modern copy of some ancient arras, it is so studiously naïve, so consciously archaic, of so calculated a beauty. The landscape is entirely bewitching, not of any France or any time, but of the country of Romance, of Legend, and of Song. A Valley of Stones, "of all valleys the deepest, the gloomiest, the most drenched in mildew and mist," a brawling river racing through and a white upstanding peak that bears a castle on its summit, so bathed in the twelve hours' sunshine that the white, goitred peasants crowding below in the gloom think it a battlement of heaven and look to see the wings of angels tipping its walls. Later there comes a drawing of a university town—walled, gated,

(Continued on page 1)

See the Difference made by Antexema

FACE SPOTS, ECZEMA, AND RASHES SPEEDILY CURED

YOU cannot look at the two illustrations without realising the extraordinary contrast. In the one picture you see the face of a skin sufferer who is disfigured by skin illness, and in the other the same face is seen clear, spotless, and unblemished. This wonderful transformation has been worked by Antexema. It will do as much for you.

Nothing so detracts from the appearance as redness or roughness of the skin, pimples, or blackheads, on the face, or a bad complexion. Antexema is not offered to the public merely as a skin beautifier, though on this ground alone it ranks very high, and innumerable men and women whose skin was disfigured have now a clear skin owing to its use. Antexema, by rendering the skin healthy, restores to you the beautiful complexion with which Nature endowed you.

Go and look at your mirror and see whether your skin is healthy. If it looks red, rough, cracked, or chafed, or if you have a rash, eruption, an angry red spot or a

breaking-out upon it, this is clear proof it is unhealthy, and that you should apply Antexema immediately. You will obtain instant relief, the progress of your skin affection will at once stop, and you will start on the road to perfect skin health.

If you are tortured so badly by skin illness that your days are misery and your nights sleepless, the first application of Antexema will instantly stop the irritation, smarting, and burning inflammation, you will be able to sleep comfortably, you will wake refreshed, and soon be thoroughly cured.

Facts About Antexema

Antexema is a deliciously cooling, soothing, healing, creamy liquid, which, when gently applied to the sore, cracked, inflamed, or broken skin, dries at once, and thus becomes invisible. It forms an air-tight covering to the affected part, prevents dust, grit, or disease-germs from getting in, causes new and healthy skin to form, and soon effects a complete cure. You see your skin becoming clearer and healthier day by day.

Antexema is a genuine cure for every form of skin illness. Every year adds to the reputation of Antexema. Innumerable grateful letters have been received from former sufferers who have been cured of blackheads, eczema, both dry, weeping, and scaly, bad legs, pimples, barber's rash, nettlerash, and every other sore, irritated, or unhealthy condition of the skin. No skin trouble can resist the healing influence of Antexema. It cures every skin complaint from the slightest to the most

serious and advanced. Antexema cures babies' skin ailments just as thoroughly as it cures those of adults who have been tormented by skin illness for years. A little red spot, slight soreness, an inflamed pimple, intolerable itching, or something similar is always the first sign that your skin is unhealthy. Adopt Antexema treatment at this stage and you will nip the trouble in the bud. Neglect inevitably leads to future suffering and misery.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any chemist or stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boot's Cash Chemists, Army and




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All who wish to prove the virtues of Antexema beforehand are invited to do so. Send three penny stamps for booklet "Skin Troubles," and mention *The Sketch*, and there will also be sent with it a generous Free Trial of Antexema, Antexema Soap, and Antexema Granules. Send to-day to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridges, Whiteleys, Parkes, Taylor's, Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows, supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and



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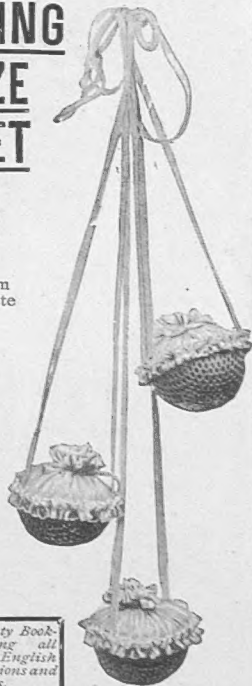
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bedomed, islanded in green meadows cinctured by broad streams; its half-score colleges bowered in trees and dripping with greenery; and the mother church possessed of a nave like an elm-tree avenue, and a dome of green tiles ribbed with gold. And then there is the castle of Joyeux Saber, fronting the sea across a glossy descent of myrtles, lemon-trees, and ilex—the sea, which is deep-blue as the iris of Mabilla's eyes. "Over all that province love was vocal, ran sighing through the trees, upon the sea lay laughing softly, in the shady corners of streets, under carved balconies, in thickets of flowering thorn, by starry night or at hush of noon came open-vowelled from the throats of patient men who plucked at lute-strings as if they were hearts." Against such backgrounds the three Renny girls fulfil the fateful epic of their great house. Love-sick pages, and plundering nobles, and wise, worldly clerics group themselves effectively between. It is a book of picture-making, and therefore suffers from the defects of its qualities. Of the essential, vital things, those things which men and women most care to learn of men and women, there is not much. Mr. Hewlett resembles a clever financier in Mr. Onions's recent novel, who evaded the sugar-tax by wrapping his sweets in thicker gilt-foil "to bring 'em up to size again," and then gave his whole attention to the box they were in. The passions of Mr. Hewlett's decorative world are wrapped up in such a brave, curious, "arresting" manner, he is so concerned with quaint phrase and ornament that his story rarely slips from spectacle to drama. But, after all, he probably never intends it should, and the spectacle is magnificently staged with all the trappings that we fondly believe to be mediæval Christendom.

"Lalage's Lovers."

By GEORGE BIRMINGHAM.

(Methuen.)

Lalage was the kind of young lady built for high-spirited story-tellers. She was Irish; she was a tomboy, the despair of governesses and of a distracted world generally, from her good old father down: also the joy, for among her lovers may very well be counted the prim Miss Battersby and the seasoned Miss Pettigrew. Lalage had other lovers, though, before long, and one of them she married after some ultra-modern wooing, and for him she was ambitious. Therefore she bought him a beautiful bureau, and set him to write a book which should pave his way to political place and renown. While the household was subdued for his great work, he accordingly wrote. But the book was reminiscent rather than theoretical—was, in fact, this very book of Lalage and her lovers, which should have utterly silenced that young heroine were she not so Irish and so utterly irrepressible.

The work of that exceptionally clever artist, Mr. Frank Reynolds, is so well known to readers of *The Sketch*, and, we have every reason to believe, so much appreciated by them, that we need make no excuse for reminding them that a most interesting exhibition of Mr. Reynolds' drawings opens at Walker's Gallery (119, New Bond Street) to-day (18th) and will remain open from ten to six each day until the 28th. There are to be seen most attractive water-colours illustrating scenes and characters from "David Copperfield" and "Golf Notes: Symptoms and Stages of the Disease." It may be taken that this "One Man Show" is very well worth a visit.

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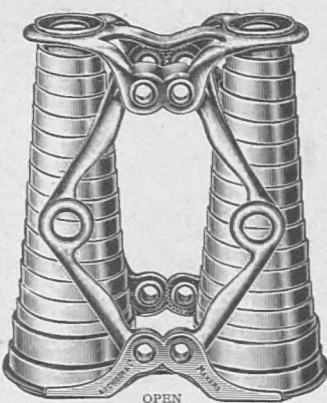


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